OUTLOOK
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"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

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By John S. Gregory
The prohibition director loves to travel, and in his year in office has been all over the United States and to Hawaii—but this article tells of some things he hasn't seen, or at least hasn't reported publicly.

New Styles in Medical Quacks
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The old medical show is gone, but in its place is another kind of quackery, more profitable and more modern. A vivid and amusing article.

The Failure of Bank Guaranty Plans
By David McCahan
Eight states have tried futilely to create funds which would guarantee depositors against loss in defunct banks, and all failed painfully. An article by an authority.

Chain Stores and Living Costs
By H. M. Foster
What do chain grocers save the consumer? This article is a resumé of recent statistical studies.

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WITH OUR READERS

Shall We Cut Wages?

To the Editor: *Toledo*

SIR—Without unkindness to either you or Mr. Hoover, may I offer criticism of your editorial, "Mr. Hoover's Apologia"? With your adverse comments on the President's Indianapolis address I substantially agree, but I am obliged to take exception to your praise.

You give Mr. Hoover credit for having "urged the maintenance of wages and salaries" and for having "emphasized the necessity for cooperation between labor and capital." You appear to have overlooked the fact that the effect of the first of these efforts has been to forbid cooperation between labor and capital.

"Wage maintenance," as advocated by Mr. Hoover and as interpreted by an obedient public, has been taken to mean adherence to the same money wage rates as applied prior to the crash of the stock market. This latter event signified a vast rise in money value to purchase capital, meaning that all money had a much greater value after the crash than that same money had had up to that time.

"Wage maintenance"—meaning adherence after the crash to the same money wage rates as had applied prior to it—was an invitation for capital to forget that the crash had occurred and to make such forgetfulness the basis of all further wage payments. Labor was to expect the same amount of money wages as if money had not changed in value—capital was to "cooperate" by "maintaining" such wages.

"Wage maintenance" has been a dismal failure, leading to ever-increasing unemployment. To ask that all cooperation between labor and capital be conditioned by dealing in cheap money—when none but dear money exists—is surely an excellent plan of forbidding their cooperation.

I have elsewhere indicated how labor and capital can get together and cooperate in fairness to both.

NELSON MORRIS.

To the Editor: *Birdsboro, Pa.*

SIR—You say in your editorial entitled, "Mr. Hoover's Apologia," that in reading Mr. Hoover's Indianapolis address "you feel that either Mr. Hoover has underestimated your intelligence or that you have overestimated his."

In reading this editorial I felt that your statement applied more appropriately to yourselves, the writers of the editorial. For, instead of regarding the administration's policy of keeping up wages as a good point, I regard it as its only blunder.

"It is my opinion," says John Pell, financial writer for the *North American Review*, "that organized labor through its greed for higher wages brought about the present depression, and that the administration by allying itself on the side of labor—the side with the most votes—is responsible for its duration and severity.

CHARLES BROOKE.

Contracted Credit

To the Editor: *Cove, Oregon*

SIR—"The plot thickens," as just now it develops that the banks of our country after a year of gradually increasing contraction of credits are practically closed to further credit accommodations. While the federal banks seem to encourage loans by offering cheap and easy money, they, at the same time, through the bank inspectors have insisted on a steadily increasing contraction of credit and increase of reserves, so that, particularly in the case of rural banks, where there is a crying need for expansion in order to carry the public through this protracted period of reduced incomes, they are doing exactly the opposite; a policy that in a short time threatens to end in an avalanche of bankruptcies, involving millions of business men and farmers.

If this piling up of reserves is done in order to protect the banks, then the policy will be very apt to prove a boomerang before many months slip by. The lack of financing is causing additional unemployment at a terrific rate as everybody is discharging all the help they can and tens of thousands of acres of canning crops are going to waste, eliminating a half million seasonal workers.

Our government has ample power and machinery to immediately stop this contraction of bank credits, and force a reasonable expansion instead—exactly what must be done—and our great official and spiritual descendant of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary Mellon, or President Hoover, should exert his power at once, before the harvest season advances any further in order to avert a catastrophe too dire for contemplation.

KARL J. STACKLAND.

The Basis of Law

To the Editor: *Washington*

SIR—There is little that is sacred about the Constitution of the United States. It is simply the body which carries the soul. The moral force of the people is the soul, the sacred consideration, the priceless inheritance.

The common law finds its efficacy in the moral force behind it, evinced by its acceptance. Similarly, the Constitution is accepted, except for those parts which do not have the moral support of the people.

The stature of a statesman is not shown by blind adherence to the law but by his ability to interpret and make effective the true moral intent of the people he serves. Whenever a written law raises a sustained, reasonable, nationwide doubt that the moral force of the people supports it, the law should be eliminated as an influence which may undermine the support of the entire structure.

The attaining of high moral standards is a growth which yields to persuasion and precept, but fights against coercion. True democracy demands that the initiative be left with the individual in the matter of morals. Christ, the true democrat, founded His church on the faith and character of the individual. His church is imperishable. Our forefathers builded on the same rock. Are we going to substitute coercion for faith and character?

F. H. MILES, JR.

Advice to Wets

To the Editor: *Pomona, Calif.*

SIR—I ask you Independent of what? Certainly not the booze interests. In the past we plead guilty to having indulged occasionally, but we took it straight. We like our liquor argument likewise not thinly disguised with a wash of weak literary effort and a disgusting diatribe on the ex-service man and the American Legion. As one of the home guards, no doubt, you have long since forgotten your promises of everything to the soldier when, if ever, he should return, the while you were living on the fat of the land.

We feel as Will Rogers. If you hooch howlers would only pipe down and let the rest of us go about our business we would feel more charitable toward you and might even continue to read your makeshift magazine. Drink your darn heads off if you want to, but for heaven's sake shut up about it.

J. G. ROBERTS.

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INTO THE TROPHY ROOM

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

July 15, 1931

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Hoover Plan Modified*

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S plan for an international moratorium has undergone a considerable change, though you'd never guess it from most of the comments in the daily press. The plan started out as a simple proposition, advanced to give Germany a chance to pull out of grave financial straits. As Mr. Hoover said in his statement of June 20, the American government originally proposed "the postponement during one year of all payments on intergovernmental debts, reparations and relief debts, both principal and interest." Had this proposal been approved and put into effect, we would have seen Germany postponing this year's payments of about $400,000,000 to her creditors; these creditors, principally Great Britain, Italy and France, postponing payments of about $260,000,000 to the United States, and Italy and France postponing payments of about $86,000,000 to Great Britain. That was Mr. Hoover's plan, an all-round, complete moratorium for twelve months. Plainly he meant the postponement of all payments; he said it and reiterated it.

He made no distinction between the two kinds of German reparations—the postponable kind and the non-postponable kind. France, however, insisted—with no little skill and logic—that Germany make the non-postponable payments, amounting to $130,000,000 this year, though the major part of that might be loaned back to her. The French contended that there was a great principle at stake in the continuation of these non-postponable reparations and much can be seen in that position if viewed through French eyes. But the point to be made here is that the French proposal comprised a drastic modification of the Hoover plan, that it was freely recognized as such in Washington, and that it was accepted by Mr. Hoover.

▸▸*Hoover Plan Approved*

ONCE THIS French modification of the moratorium plan is recognized no deserved credit should be withheld from Mr. Hoover. Nor should any one overlook the great credit due to Secretary Mellon, who conducted the negotiations in Paris. As the plan now stands, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, all payments on intergovernmental debts will be deferred save the non-postponable reparations annuity of $130,000,000 due from Germany. This sum is to be paid and then loaned back, secured by bonds on German railroads. The suspended payments and the loans to Germany are to be repaid in ten annual instalments beginning in July, 1933.

The actual adoption of the plan is now dependent upon favorable action by the American Congress and corresponding authorities of the other interested governments, principally Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany. Fortunately, there is every reason to believe that favorable action will be forthcoming as soon as the details of the moratorium are settled in conferences between France and other signatories of the Young plan. Yet, whatever comes of the discussions abroad and however the Hoover plan, if adopted, may operate during the projected year, it is plain that Mr. Hoover has done excellent work. But one month elapsed from the first conference on the German situation at the White House on June 5 to Mr. Hoover's announcement on July 6 that an accord had been reached with all important creditor nations, including France. The speed with which Mr. Hoover worked was matched by his determination. This time the President dropped his policy of drift in favor of a policy of determined action, and his plan succeeded as far as France would permit it to succeed. No one could or does ask more. Mr. Hoover's success, both in pushing forward a good thing abroad and thereby building himself up at home, should now encourage him to forget his drifting policy and hold his speed of the past few weeks.

▸▸*The Cleveland Bout*

THERE was no reason to expect that the Schmeling-Stribling bout would take heavyweight boxing completely out of the doldrums it has been in since Tunney retired three years ago. Neither Schmeling, the winner, nor Stribling, the loser, had wrung any superlatives from the sports critics, nor, despite mighty publicity efforts, had either of them been built up enough to impress run-of-the-mine fans. So there you were by the ringside watching—or, more probably, by your radio hearing—a world's championship battle which drew no greater crowd than a Saturday afternoon baseball game in New York or Chicago. The receipts of approximately $350,000 were small by comparison with Dempsey's five gates of more than a million each.

Nevertheless, the match, with its fifteen rounds of clean and genuine fighting, gave the fans far more than they had expected. If neither of the principals was a Dempsey or Tunney, each knew his business, and so, it appears, did the referee, who with but fourteen seconds to go stopped the fight

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to save Stribling from useless punishment. Altogether, the bout was an encouraging improvement over those of the preceding two years which so frequently ended in fouls and fiascoes. But to be restored to first-class condition heavyweight boxing needs more than any one fight can provide. The Cleveland bout should help to quicken public interest for the time being, but if the fouls and fiascoes recur, public apathy will again be the penalty.

▶▶"Pagan" Fascism

THERE ARE SEVERAL significant statements in the Pope's encyclical letter of July 4—several highly sensational statements. But first for the background. The dispute between Italy's Fascists and Catholics with which the encyclical is concerned got under way on March 26 when a Fascist newspaper charged that plans had been laid for the Catholic Action (the collective name given to groups of 15,000 church clubs) to

ÜBER ALLEN
Max Siegfried Adolf Otto Schmeling, champion of the world

extend its activity into the field of politics, contrary to the treaty of 1929. Though Catholics denied the charges, they occasioned no little violence and were followed by the closing of Catholic Action clubs on Mussolini's order.

In his encyclical of July 4, Pope Pius dismisses these charges contemptuously. They are "nothing but a pretext or a cumulation of pretexts," he says. As for the Fascist oath of unquestioning obedience, he pronounces it "illicit" and suggests that if Catholics take it they do so with some such mental reservation as "safeguarding the laws of God and of the Church" or "in accordance with the duties of a good Christian." He declares that "a conception of the state which claims that the young generation, without exception and from infancy to attainment of adult status, should conform to it absolutely is not reconcilable for a Catholic with Catholic doctrine." This is the Fascist conception, he says, and Fascism is a régime "based on an idealogy which clearly resolves itself into a true and real pagan worship of the state."

These are very strong words. Moreover, they furnish additional evidence of what we pointed out when the present trouble began, that Italy has not merely a fiery quarrel on her hands but a fundamental difficulty—the co-existence in the same country of two powerful systems with clashing ideals. Hitherto it had been assumed that the two systems would find it to their mutual advantage to worry along somehow for many years to come. But if the Pope is convinced that Fascism amounts to "pagan worship of the state"—sufficiently convinced to say it publicly and bluntly—it would seem that a break between the Vatican and the Quirinal cannot be far off.

▶▶Spain Makes up Her Mind

MANY discontented Americans may be slightly envious of Spain as her newly elected Cortes, or national assembly, sets out on July 14 to write a new constitution with no amendments at all. But their envy probably will vanish when the Cortes grasps its two most prickly problems—what relations to establish, first, between the provinces and the federal government, and, secondly, between church and state. Whatever disposition is made of these problems—arising, respectively, from demands for autonomy in the Catalonian provinces and from the anti-clericalism which is rife throughout Spain—on several important points the Cortes will be in agreement.

The first is that Spain will have a republican form of government. When King Alfonso fled the country in mid-April, he announced that he was "wait-

Wide World

SITTING PRETTY
Provisional President Alcala Zamora of the Spanish Republic

ing to learn the real expression of the collective opinion of my people." Unquestionably he learned it from the returns of the June 28 elections for the assembly. With Monarchist votes as scarce as hens' teeth—Monarchists will hold but five of the 350 seats in the Cortes—and with the Communists even worse off, the elections were a landslide for the Socialists and Moderate Republicans. It seems safe to say that, for a few years at least, Spain has been made safe for democracy.

Placing all power in the hands of the moderates, Spain also determined that the republic would be a moderate one, that the provisional government headed by President Zamora would dominate the writing of the constitution. In its tentative draft of a new constitution the Zamora government has imitated the American republic in some respects and the French republic in others. Until the assembly completes the job, however, nothing more can be said of the new constitution than that it is bound to be anathema to Alfonso. And that is saying a great deal, considering that Alfonso occupied the throne but ninety days ago.

▶▶As Mr. Watson Sees It

FRESH from the mid-West, where he "talked personally to a number of men"

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who had told him they wouldn't support Hoover but now say they will, Senator Watson of Indiana returned to Washington the other day announcing that in his judgment "President Hoover is fifty per cent stronger than he was before he made his western trip. This is due to the effect of his Indianapolis and Columbus speeches and to the proposal for the debt moratorium."

Which is very interesting if true. But does Senator Watson know what he's talking about? It's hard to say. The accuracy of a man's statements on one subject one day proves nothing as to the accuracy of his statements on another subject another day. Yet, proving nothing, it will sometimes give you a rough idea none the less. And so, whenever Senator Watson delivers himself of anything suggesting an analysis or prediction, it is worth while to recall his already famous and never-to-be-forgotten speech in the Senate on June 13, 1930, one day before Congress passed the tariff bill. "I here and now predict," Senator Watson said on that day, "and I ask my fellow Senators to recall this prediction in the days to come, that if this bill is passed, this nation will be on the upgrade financially, economically and commercially within thirty days, and that within a year from this time we shall have regained the peak of prosperity." Why should Mr. Watson's fellow Senators alone have the pleasure or profit of recalling this speech whenever the Senator from Indiana sets up as an authority or soothsayer? Why shouldn't the rest of us have it also?

▶▶*Parliamentary Brawls*

It was in Nashville, Tennessee, more than a century ago, that Andrew Jackson, later President, exchanged celebrated pistol shots with Thomas Hart Benton, later Senator from Missouri, and it was in Nashville early this month that two Tennessee legislators came to blows on the floor of the Assembly. From which it might be concluded that there has been insufficient evolution in the manners of the Monkey State's public men.

But why pick on Tennessee alone? July 2, the day of the fracas in Nashville, was likewise the day of the fracas in the British House of Commons—in the very "Mother of Parliaments." When John McGovern, Scottish Socialist, was suspended for disregarding the Speaker's authority, he refused to move at the request of the sergeant-at-arms and resisted the six attendants who sought to drag him out. Thereupon half a dozen kicking, wrestling, punching comrades came to his assistance, and by the time he was ejected considerable damage had been done to clothes, hair and eyes.

And so, as parliaments go, mother and child are doing, if not well, about the same. In London, as well as Nashville, gentlemen who make the rules for the rest of us are apt to grow childish now and then and break the rules made for themselves. Tennessee, having inherited her parliament from England, simply inherited her parliamentary manners, too.

▶▶*Gorilla Guests*

When you see an ape dressed in man's clothing dining at a table or otherwise acting "almost human," you may be pretty sure it is a chimpanzee, closest relative to man in mental make-up. But you will rarely see a gorilla, man's closest relative in physical make-up, because few live gorillas—only about half a dozen—have ever been brought to this country, and most of these have been kept out of sight of the public because of their susceptibility to human diseases. Hence the interest in the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, of African movie fame, after twenty months in the Belgian Congo, have just returned to the United States with three gorillas—young ones, of course; bringing home an adult gorilla would be about as peaceful as bringing home a live dinosaur.

In Europe interest in gorillas is largely confined to pathologists. The Pasteur Institute in Paris keeps a cage of anthropoids for experimentation and maintains a special ape institute in African Guinea. Besides man himself, only the anthropoid apes are subject to certain human diseases. You cannot give a dog or guinea pig a case of grippe or yellow fever and study it in ways no human will permit, but you can an ape. However, in the United States science is interested in gorillas and chimpanzees mainly because the psychologists wish to study their mental reactions. Yerkes of Yale has led Americans in the study of anthropoid psychology, as his monumental book, *The Great Apes,* attests.

It is said that plans were once hatched by scientists for crossing apes with the human species, but were then abandoned. Almost certainly the hybrid offspring would have been sterile. But the world of science presumably was not ready to assume the probably unbearable onus of any such experiment.

Should you be feeling philanthropic, however, and interested in psychological reactions, no doubt Professor Yerkes would appreciate it if you were to buy the Johnsons' three gorillas and have them sent to his laboratory.

▶▶*Coin's Come-Back*

If you lived through the cycling nineties you will get many a chuckle from newspaper reports declaring that William Hope Harvey, Professor Coin himself, is planning to build a national party from a nucleus of Bryan's Commoners in the northwest corner of Arkansas. If you are younger than fifty, turn to the first volume of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times* for a pen picture of Harvey, the Ivy Lee of Bryan, the

Wide World

FROM DARKEST AFRICA
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, holding baby chimpanzee and baby gorilla

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pamphleteer of the economic revolution which spent itself crying 16 for 1.

It was in 1894 that Harvey, who will

Keystone

ACQUITTED
Deputy-Sheriff Bill Guess of Ardmore, Oklahoma

be eighty years old this August, published his celebrated treatise, *Coin's Financial School. Who's Who* still lists seven of his books, but all the rest pale before this one, cheaply printed and crudely illustrated though it was. By cartoons, diagrams and vivid dialogue reflecting great credit on himself, Harvey ingeniously pointed the way toward a financial Utopia. Bryan, naturally, spoke highly of the book, whose sales by 1895 had passed the million mark and were continuing at the rate of 5,000 copies a day. In the midst of Bryan's campaign in 1896 the *Review of Reviews* wrote: "As a disturber of old parties, a pathfinder where political issues were mixed and hazy, an agitator with a genius for exposition so great as to sway public opinion from the Alleghenies to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, Mr. Harvey has made it certain and inevitable that his name must be forever connected with one of the most remarkable chapters in the political history of his country."

But Harvey was not so sure that his name would live forever. By 1924 he was building a concrete pyramid 130 feet high on an Ozark mountain peak to preserve for posterity a document telling why American civilization fell. "One suspects," says Mark Sullivan, "that those future Carnarvons and Carters, digging down to our contemporary Tutankhamen, will discover that American civilization fell because it failed to listen to the financial teachings of William H. Harvey." So they may. But who can say for sure now that Harvey has decided to give America another chance to follow him?

▶▶*Follow Through*

THERE HAVE BEEN the following developments in three cases recently discussed in these pages:

On June 27 a jury at Ardmore, Oklahoma, acquitted Deputy-Sheriff Guess, who was charged with murder after shooting two Mexican students on June 8. The circumstances of the shooting were such that there never was any reason to think that Guess would be convicted, but, with one victim the cousin of President Rubio, it could have been assumed that Mexican newspapers would raise a hue and cry if he were acquitted.

On June 30 a New York City jury acquitted Harry Stein and Samuel Greenberg of charges of murdering Vivian Gordon, who was strangled last February after preparing to testify to a frame-up by a police officer. The Gordon murder so effectively dramatized the graft and corruption under investigation in New York that the arrest and conviction of her slayers, though much to be desired, has become a relatively minor phase of the case.

On July 2 the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court removed Magistrate Jesse Silbermann from the bench. Mr. Silbermann had been charged by Samuel Seabury with unfair and unjudicial conduct and with being improperly influenced by political considerations. He is the fifth magistrate to quit the bench since Mr. Seabury started his work—work which, incidentally, has just begun, since Mr. Seabury, having headed an investigation into New York City's lower courts, will now head one into every branch of that city's government.

▶▶*Hogging the Show*

OTHER issues come and go, but prohibition remains the most vital of the lot. The fact was neatly illustrated at the sessions of the University of Virginia's Institute of Public Affairs. The topics discussed at Charlottesville, running from the Kellogg pact to the New York magistrates' courts and from racketeering to racial problems in Peru, were varied enough to satisfy any one. But it was the debates on prohibition that dominated the accounts of the sessions in the newspapers.

Before you turn up your nose at this fact, note another: The prohibition discussions were also of primary importance to the attending members themselves. Thus on July 1 the New York *Times* reported that "Five hundred men and women today left round-table sessions on Latin-American relations, problems of municipal administration, the rural church, the plight of southern agriculture and adult education to join with enthusiasm in the debate opened and closed by Mr. Wadsworth [wet former Senator from New York] and Mr. Stewart [of the Allied Forces], who urged, respectively, repeal of and support for the prohibition amendment and the Volstead law." It was a warm debate that day, with the brisk exchanges typified by Mr. Stewart's threat to "battle the forces of liquordom in every congressional district" next year, and the effective reply of Bernard P. Chamberlain, local commander of the young Crusaders—"We'll meet you there, sir."

Prohibition hogged the Institute's show. No other topic created such deep and widespread interest among the members. And that in itself is enough to indicate the absurdity of the familiar dry argument that prohibition is a settled problem and that all the country can or should do about the Eighteenth Amendment is to get used to it. Students of

International

GETTING RESULTS
Samuel Seabury, who has been conducting the investigations in New York

public affairs do not abandon other topics and flock to participate in heated discussions of settled problems.

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➤➤*Graphing the Deficit*

A CRUEL graph enthusiast could have a picnic with our federal deficit and the Administration's predictions thereon. Gleefully he would start near the upper left-hand corner of his sheet with a black dot showing that in December, 1929, President Hoover predicted that the fiscal year 1931 would end on June 30, 1931, with a 123-million surplus. The second dot, a red one, would be placed further down and to the right, showing that in December, 1930, Mr. Hoover estimated that the fiscal year 1931 would end with a 180-million deficit. Still further down and to the right would come, first, Secretary Mellon's estimate of last January that the deficit would be 375 millions, and, secondly, his estimate of February that it would be 500 millions. Then there would be a final dot in the lower right-hand corner, indicating that the fiscal year actually ended with a deficit of 903 millions. And there your graphiologist would be, admiring the sweep and swing of his magnificent curve.

Now a 903-million-dollar deficit is not necessarily appalling. The average citizen might view it complacently if he knew that it was incurred for the prevention of misery and the relief of unemployment. As matters stand, he knows that it was not; that the Administration, for example, opposed a federal appropriation for the Red Cross and refused to advocate a large federal public works program. So the citizen is gloomy when he notes the deficit's size. But not, probably, as gloomy as the Administration, which now awaits another deficit in the fiscal year 1932. Last December Mr. Hoover predicted that the fiscal year 1932 would end with a thirty-million surplus, just as, a year earlier, he predicted that the fiscal year 1931 would end with a 123-million surplus. Heaven help us if he is as wrong about 1932 as he was about 1931.

➤➤*Imaginative Hollywood*

"HAVE you ever imagined who you'd like to be if you weren't yourself?" asks an Associated Press story from Hollywood. "Hollywood has been doing a lot of imagining lately. If Reginald Denny could, he'd like to be any great swimmer so he could swim the English Channel. Jackie Coogan answered simply and briefly: 'I'd like to be Colonel Lindbergh.' (Lindbergh has money, we hear, but so has Jackie; he's getting $7,500 a week now!) The life of a South Sea Islander would suit Stuart Erwin. He likes the effortless existence those boys lead. Frances Dee would like to be a man—any man. Bobby Jones is Eddie Quillan's selection. Richard Arlen would trade places with Richard Haliburton because 'he travels and writes exceedingly well—two things I always have wanted to do.' Elissa Landi would trade places with her mother. Victor McLaglen, if he had to do it over again, would be Victor McLaglen. But if he had to change lives with any one it would be the owner of a tea plantation in Java."

Another good person to be would be the one who originated this if-game, because he surely hasn't much to do. And, incidentally, if Hollywood has been "doing a lot of imagining," she might try to imagine just how she can climb out of her present financial slough by paying $7,500-a-week salaries to boy actors.

➤➤*Mr. Hurley's Chance*

SURELY Secretary of War Hurley doesn't want to be another one of those politicians who go about denouncing the growth of federal bureaucracy and doing nothing whatever to stop it. Surely he meant it when, in his nationally broadcast speech at Philadelphia on Independence Day, he deplored the tendency toward centralization of power at Washington and applauded individual enterprise and state rights and responsibilities. "Local self-government produces and maintains free institutions," he said. On the other hand, "centralized government in its very nature ever must lean toward autocracy."

Now Secretary Hurley doesn't want to see this country lean toward autoc-

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 352.

The depression period has been a blessing to American business men.—HARVEY C. FRUEHAUF.

Elizabeth E. Lawrence, 3613 Cedar Springs, Dallas, Texas, $5 prize.

The present period of depression will be studied by economists of the future as an example of what a wisely directed government can do to alleviate economic distress.—SECRETARY RAY LYMAN WILBUR.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st North, Provo, Utah, $2 prize.

At times we can be thankful for what is behind us.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

Banks almost never fail on purpose.—ROME C. STEPHENSON.

Henry Charles Suter, S. Jacksonville, Florida, $2 prize.

Communism is the most important, vital, and far-reaching issue affecting the civilization of the world and the happiness and liberties of our own people.—REPRESENTATIVE HAMILTON FISH.

Joseph Garson, 33 Gibbs St., New Haven, Conn., $2 prize.

Colleges are dangerous, because college life teaches boys more about cocktails than Latin.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Elois Felicia Elden, 1405 Grant Street, Berkeley, California, $2 prize.

I don't think I'll ever get through riding in patrol wagons.—BELLE LIVINGSTONE.

Edward E. Ward, 425 West Avenue, Rochester, N. Y., $2 prize.

I have never been a working girl myself.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

Patrick A. Mancini, 557 Huron St., Erie, Pa., $2 prize.

Actors are not like other men.—JOHN BOLES.

Eulalie Andreas, 6017½ Barton Ave., Hollywood, Calif., $2 prize.

Men fall in love only before thirty and after fifty.—VICOMTE ALAIN DE LECHE.

Ray W. Frohman, 1181 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, Calif., $2 prize.

The best of even a poor marriage has more happiness in it than the best of *any* divorce for a woman.—KATHLEEN NORRIS.

J. J. Bruehlman, Woodville, Ohio, $2 prize.

Henpecking is the constant business of women. A woman takes a peck at every man she meets, for the general good of her sex.—ED HOWE.

Ben Jenkins, R. R. 7, Springfield, Ohio, $2 prize.

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racy, and we can't say we blame him. Therefore, since his Philadelphia speech would indicate that the thought hadn't

International

SMELLS A RAT
General Eric von Ludendorff reveals a whopping plot

occurred to him, we are going to tell him just what to do to prevent it from leaning that way. No sensible person will deny that the enactment of national prohibition was the greatest step toward centralized government, the greatest step toward the creation of a vast federal bureaucracy, that this country has ever taken. No sensible person will deny that if the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act are repealed, and the problem of liquor regulation returned to the states, the whole tendency toward a bureaucratic centralized government will be checked. It follows, then, that the thing for Secretary Hurley to do is to come out boldly against this act and this amendment. Here's his chance to hit bureaucracy hard.

To do so, of course, he might have to resign from the present dry Administration, which does not share his convictions about bureaucratic centralized government at all. Undoubtedly, though, Mr. Hurley will resign quickly and gladly now that he sees the point; certainly he would not wish to continue in an Administration whose policy on prohibition is perpetuating, and encouraging the growth of, the very bureaucracy he has just been denouncing over a national hook-up. Let's give Secretary Hurley credit for sincerity while we await with interest his resignation and subsequent statement against the Eighteenth Amendment.

▶▶*Ludendorff Sniffs a Plot*

When a European Communist brews a plot to overthrow America, that's nothing to get excited about. But when an American President furthers a plot for the annihilation of Europe, that's news.

It seems that this is what President Hoover has in mind in making his moratorium move. So at least General Eric von Ludendorff of Munich has told readers of his personal publication, *Volkswarte*. According to the General, there is a diabolic scheme afoot by which the Jews, the Freemasons and the Powers of Rome will wage a world war to overthrow Europe. Originally the war was scheduled for this summer, but when he, Ludendorff, unmasked their sinister intent, the powers aforesaid were forced to put off fighting until next spring. In the meantime (this is Ludendorff speaking), "Herr Hoover, President of the United States—that is, political representative of an enormous portion of the Jewish-Jesuit-Freemason capital—appears suddenly on the scene with fine phrases and offers to Germany."

What does it mean? Well, Ludendorff says the real reason for offering relief to Germany and the price to be paid by the German people is Germany's pledge of alliance in (you've guessed it) the big war next spring. In this war, which, the General says, will be started under the camouflage of a preventive war against Russia, "the nations will destroy one another as a sacrifice to Moloch."

But perhaps you're not much interested in Moloch or in Ludendorff either. Moloch is just a god, a figure of speech. Nowadays Ludendorff is a kind of figure of speech, too. Medical reports on his "mental illness" have been written, but his wife doesn't take any stock in them. She says as much in the same issue of *Volkswarte*.

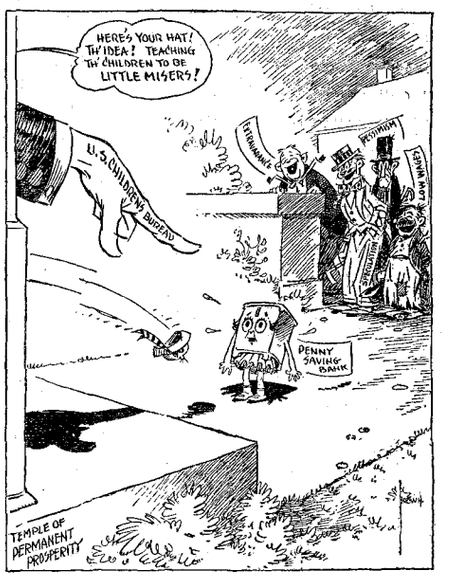
▶▶*Attack on Penny Banks*

Throw away the penny banks, the United States Children's Bureau says in effect, or you'll turn the children into misers. The bureau advises that children be encouraged to spend money as a means of learning its use and value. It suggests giving them colored envelopes—red for saving money, blue for spending money, green for giving-away money—instead of savings banks where pennies disappear, never to be used.

In its special report, "The Child and His Money," it offers several suggestions for the financial training of the youngest generation. Give a child a regular fixed allowance; teach him not to tease for additional money. Let him learn by experience that denial must follow extravagance. Teach him not to expect pay for duties he ought to perform or for being good or polite. Give him a real job, preferably one which has real commercial value; pay him what it is worth. All these are excellent principles of which many intelligent parents will not need to be reminded.

It is the penny bank business which made us pause. Not so long ago Henry Ford made America gasp by questioning the old adage that a penny saved is a penny earned. There were cynics, even then, who murmured that this was an indirect way of saying, "Don't save your money; buy Fords with it." Has the Children's Bureau a double meaning, too? Is it reaching to get the children's pennies into circulation to rout Dat Ole Debbil Depression?

At any rate, the report goes on to advise teaching the child "the value of saving for a definite purpose, instead of for the mere sake of saving." Fair enough. That's what penny banks were for, if memory serves us. The pennies were saved for roller skates, say, or a bicycle. As for us, we take a firm stand against colored envelopes and in favor of penny banks. All our friends


HERE'S YOUR HAT! TH' IDEA! TEACHING TH' CHILDREN TO BE LITTLE MISERS!
U.S. CHILDREN'S BUREAU
PENNY SAVING BANK
TEMPLE OF PERMANENT PROSPERITY

N. Y. Herald Tribune

One more undesirable

had penny banks and none of them turned out to be misers. And penny banks will stand much more shaking.

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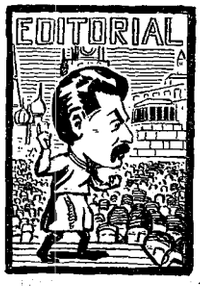
In Brief

SUGGESTED SUBJECT for cartoonist: Portrait of a wet eastern Republican hearing that Senator Fess will retain his chairmanship of the Republican National Committee . . . . "I do not wish Hollywood to dictate the morals of the youth of East Orange," says Mayor Martens of that New Jersey community, and, truly, that seems little enough not to wish for . . . . Here are metropolitan newspapers solemnly reporting that the Board of Temperance and Social Service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has reaffirmed its support of the Eighteenth Amendment. And still prohibitionists insist that the big dailies do not give the dry side sufficient attention.



Shall We Boycott Russia?

IF THE GLOOMY officials of the Soviet government ever smile, they'll smile over at least one aspect of the international boycott on Russian products proposed by the National Civic Federation. For years these Soviet leaders have been telling their followers that sooner or later capitalist nations will unitedly refuse to buy Russian products. It will delight them to note that the plan of the National Civic Federation tends to confirm their words, enables them to say "I told you so" and thereby strengthens their grip on the Russian people. They will now argue that all of Russia's frantic haste to make herself self-sufficient before the boycott is declared, all of her Five-Year Plans and other desperate expedients, all of her training of armies and spreading of military propaganda, is by way of being justified. For the Communist leaders believe, and they are persuading all Russia to believe, that accompanying or following this international boycott will come the roaring of cannon.

The National Civic Federation's plan envisages the creation of a huge international anti-Communist committee. The committee's American section, comprising one hundred prominent men and women, has already been named by Matthew Woll, labor leader and the Civic Federation's acting president. Similar sections will be named in England, France, Italy, Germany and other nations. According to Mr. Woll, the committee will first seek to persuade commercial interests dealing with Russia to use their influence against the work of the Third International. These interests will exert pressure by threatening to cancel their contracts with Russia unless she shuts off Communist propaganda aimed at the destruction of their governments. "In the event, however, that said commercial interests should refuse to exert such pressure," says Mr. Woll, "the patriotic and moral forces of the several countries should declare a boycott upon all Soviet products reaching their shores."

This can only amount to a plea for a governmental boycott pure and simple, since the "patriotic and moral forces" would inevitably work through their governments, since few commercial interests would request Russia to abandon her hope for world revolution and since Russia would not heed their request if they made it. Indeed, even if she promised to abandon her international propaganda, she would not do so. Although funds and consequently subversive propaganda are at a low ebb right now, Russian Communists have no intention of renouncing their dream of an eventual world revolution. They passionately believe, as part of their strange secular religion, that world revolution is not only immensely desirable but quite inevitable. Ardent Communists will not even permit this doctrine to be questioned. As Maurice Hindus points out in *Red Bread*, "Their minds are as closed to a skeptical attitude on this subject as are those of the religious Fundamentalists to a critical study of the Bible."

It seems certain to us that the National Civic Federation will not obtain an international boycott against Russia, for the reason that the Federation is proposing an emergency measure and there is no emergency. "Could there be a more appropriate time than now to inaugurate such a world movement?" asks Mr. Woll. The answer, it seems to us, is "Yes." Except possibly in the United States, the present tendency in capitalist countries is not toward boycotting goods from Russia but toward drawing the trade lines with Russia ever closer. If the Woll committee will conduct a thorough investigation before beginning its agitation, if it will calmly collect all the available facts, it will see that its plan is not necessary and therefore probably cannot work. The emergency which might make it work simply does not exist.

True, the Third International keeps plugging away, convinced that the precious world revolution is just around the corner. But it obviously isn't. Note that, though we have been hearing much of the revolting Reds of Spain, the Spanish Communists were actually too feeble to elect a single member to the new assembly. Note that there is not a single Communist in the British Parliament or the American Congress. Note that Italy, which despises Communism, is nevertheless doing everything possible to stimulate her trade with Russia, and so are Spain, Japan, France and even Germany and Poland. Yes, even Germany, the one capitalist country in which Communism is supposed to be a genuine threat; even Poland, which hates Russia as no other country in the world hates her. To convince these countries of the necessity for an international boycott against Russia is out of the question at this time. Even if a boycott were feasible and desirable, Russia might be virtually self-sustaining by the time it was negotiated among the capitalist countries and, at long last, put into effect. The Russian experiment has gone too far to be checked by a boycott. There is but one way to check it, and that is a way with which, sensibly, the capitalist world will have nothing to do—namely, an open declaration of war.

We do not believe there is any prospect of a military struggle between capitalism and Communism in the near future. We do believe there is every prospect of an economic struggle between them and that the better side will win. It is our firm belief that the better side is capitalism, defects and all. It is our firm belief that capitalism in America will readily prove that Communism is no match for it. In the last analysis both systems will be judged by their contributions to human happiness. We hold that in the long run both the average individual and the exceptional individual will be happier in capitalist America than he would be in Communist Russia. We believe that in 1981 the average American will still be unwilling to swap places with the average Russian.

THE EDITORS.

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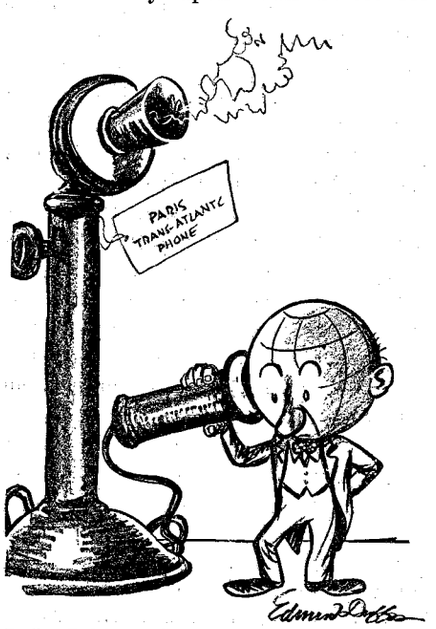
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THESE are great days for members of the baby Cabinet, in whose hands have been entrusted a great deal of the work connected with acceptance by France of the war-debt holiday. Ogden L. Mills, Under Secretary of the Treasury, and William R. Castle, Under Secretary of State, have, in the absence of their respective chiefs, Messrs. Mellon and Stimson, handled the matter for the departments of Treasury and State. They have merely handled it, however, and, I hear, their part has been only manual. That is, they brought data and statistics to the White House when it was needed, and they transmitted orders to the drafting experts who framed our notes to France, the publicity writers who threw together public statements and the accountants who totalled figures and percentages for use in our diplomatic conversations with France. So far as I can discover, the really important figures in the negotiations have been Ambassador Hugh Gibson, who is now in this country; Secretary Mellon, Senator Dwight W. Morrow and President Hoover. The others, including Walter E. Edge, Ambassador to France, and former Ambassador Alanson B. Houghton, hovered about the fringes, like so much decoration.

Not a step was taken without consultation with Mr. Mellon, who approved the original proposal after it was read to him over the transatlantic phone. In fact, until he reached Europe and began a series of conferences at London and Paris, things were going quite badly. The "old man," as Mr. Mills calls him with filial affection, came back beautifully from the obscurity into which he has been shoved by President Hoover. Incidentally, he must be having a few chuckles to himself, for I hear that he was advocating leniency toward Germany long before the President acted. If I recall correctly, he and Mr. Hoover had several wordy controversies when the two served as members of the debt funding commission, the future President then insisting that European nations pay to the last franc and farthing, whereas Mr. Mellon had the viewpoint of the international bankers.

When the complete history of the debt-holiday program is written, I imagine it will be discovered that it was born of desperation. It was, I understand, long ago represented to the White House that several billions of American dollars invested in German bonds since the war would be good only for wallpaper unless the United States intervened. They were the same kind of cries for help which reached the Capital at the time that Mr. Hoover tried to get the railroads to speed up their consolidation plan. He was told then, I hear, that a certain large railroad which has drawn heavily upon Wall Street for



Duffy—Baltimore Sun

Hoping to overhear some good news

funds was in bad shape, and the extreme methods were necessary to prevent a crash that might transform the depression into a panic. Similarly, he moved quickly in the farm crisis eighteen months ago—at a time when the steadily declining price of grain threatened the whole economic structure of the West. Had prices gone much lower, he was informed that banks, industries, farmers and stores in that section would become bankrupt. There followed an emergency meeting at the White House, and from it came the program for artificial maintenance of the price level by pegging and purchases. Although it has not worked out so well as was expected, it is the Administration's contention that it prevented a serious situation throughout the grain-producing areas.

I suppose that we will get a fairly detailed, albeit partisan, history of these chapters of the Hoover Administration in next year's presidential campaign, and that Mr. Hoover will be pictured as the greatest economic statesman of the day. Certain it is that his life in the White House has been one economic emergency after another, and so far he has weathered them as well as he could expect. Whether he will deserve the eulogies which the Republican National Committee's publicity mill is preparing for the presidential campaign, will depend altogether upon the state of the country at that time. It will not be enough for him to have prevented even more serious unemployment and business losses, as such a negative virtue will not be recognized by the voters. His general domestic and foreign policies must have brought dividends in the form of jobs, sales and profits.

Now that the more important aspect of the war-debt negotiations has been passed, the Capital is deriving some amusement from several human and humorous phases. One concerns Secretary Stimson, who decided to leave for Italy on a slow-going ship when things were most critical. There is a great deal of speculation as to whether the White House thought the impasse could be broken more easily if he were in mid-ocean, or whether his choice of a vacation at such a moment was simply accidental. Never before, I imagine, did a Secretary of State absent himself so completely at a time when his presence ought to be most needed. Some suggest that "Wrong Horse Harry," as he has been called since he recognized so many losing factions in South American revolutions, was sent abroad because he is not enough of a yes-man; others intimate that it was due to the ineptness he has shown in the conduct of other negotiations. The Capital also sees some irony in the fact that the aged Mr. Mellon, who rarely speaks in a voice above a whisper, should have been called upon to do so much telephoning across the broad Atlantic. Time and again he could not be heard as he described his talks with Premier Laval, and the telephone tolls resulting from his halting, stuttering reports must reach figures approximating those of the national debt. The young and vigorous Mr. Mills, however, more than made up for his boss's whispers. The Under Secretary of the Treasury, happy at his new-won importance, hollered loud enough to be heard without the use of the phone.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ A Gold Rush to Moscow ◀◀

An Article on American Migration to Russia

By ALBERT PARRY

EVERY day Amtorg, the official Soviet trading agency in the United States, gets about three hundred and fifty applications for jobs in Russia. Our office gets about fifteen applications and inquiries daily. Ours is a Russian newspaper office in New York—the only Russian daily in America with a pro-Soviet platform. It is the only privately operated non-Communist Russian newspaper allowed to circulate in Soviet Russia. American readers and non-readers alike have a vastly exaggerated idea of our influence with the Soviet government. They think we can give them jobs in Soviet factories, shipping them to Russia free or for a small fee. We refer the applicants to Amtorg, and we answer the inquiries in detail. The number of applicants and inquirers coming to our office is small enough to be handled properly; their stories are varied enough to present a kaleidoscopic picture of present-day America turning her eyes toward Russia.

Most of our correspondents and visitors, wishing to go to Russia, are, of course, Russians—those who came here before the war and the revolution. But there is as well a surprising number of immigrants of other stocks, and many Americans. Russians and non-Russians alike have two main reasons for wishing to go to Russia: First, because they have heard there is work to be had there at a living wage; second, because they have heard that there is no individual capitalism there, but a new social ideal of justice and equality. We warn them of hardships in Russia, but they eye us suspiciously and answer that no Russian hardships could possibly be worse than American unemployment, that work at limited rations is better than idleness in a soup line, that it is better to suffer for the good of the socialist ideal than for the greed of the capitalists. Above all, they want work. They fill many pages and hours telling us what good and experienced workers they are and how long they have been out of work.

Walter Duranty's recent dispatch about the hordes of workers Russia was going to import came a bit prematurely; he tried to rectify its wide effect in his subsequent dispatches, but to us it seems that everybody read his first dispatch and missed all his subsequent corrections. The effect of his first dispatch was electrifying. Letters, telephone calls and personal visits from people wanting to go to Russia increased in an alarming ratio. We tried to answer them in groups, printing, writing and speaking this stock reply:

"Amtorg engages workers and engineers directly from the American plants according to the most urgent needs of the Soviet industries. It is useless to apply to Amtorg if Amtorg does not look for you of its own accord. If you want to go to Russia, you must do so at your own expense. If you are not in a hurry, send an application to the Soviet Foreign Office in Moscow for permission to enter Russia and settle there permanently. If you are in a hurry, go as a tourist. If you like it there, you will have no difficulty getting a job there. Then you will apply, with the help of your Soviet factory administration, for permission to settle there permanently; you will be able to get money back for your return passage, minus a certain charge of the steamship company."

Lately, we have been adding the warning of the new Soviet ruling that those who come as tourists and have neither valuable mechanical trade nor sufficient knowledge of the Russian language cannot hope for jobs and permission to stay in Russia. But the inquirers are not satisfied with these answers. Each one thinks that his case is different, requiring special handling and a much more detailed answer. A Danish mechanic from San Francisco wants to know whether it will help him any if he changes beforehand to a Russian name with that 'ovitch or 'itsky ending. Plainly, the old ideas of one-hundred-per-cent Americanization are now being applied by him to this neo-new world. Similarly, there are questions asking whether Austrian-born men and women can go to Russia. We answer: "There are no immigration quota laws in the Soviet Union with restrictions or numerical allotments to any race or nation."

Shades of Castle Garden and Ellis Island are brought in when some unemployed write from Detroit: "Do you have to have friends or relatives in Russia testifying to your good character? Do you have to prove to the Soviet immigration authorities that you are carrying money with you?"

We answer: "No, not necessarily."

The unemployed ask: "Are chests measured and eyes examined in the Soviet ports and on the Soviet border?" We answer: "Medical examination is arranged only in cases where there is strong suspicion of contagious diseases."

Applications and inquiries from coal miners are especially numerous. Not only was the American mining industry in bad shape long before the depression, but the particularly desperate need of Russia for miners has become widely known in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Illinois and Colorado. So, in Shenandoah, a group of miners is being formed to go to Russia with their picks and drills and any other machinery that they have money enough to buy. We published a notice about this group, and immediately there came floods of letters from other mining regions, including those of Canada. Hundreds of miners of all nationalities wanted to join. The news traveled fast, and soon took many fancy variations. Readers and strangers wanted to know if it were true that the Soviet government was sending a special ship to rescue all the miners from their American misery, and would the metal-workers or the textile-workers be next?

Several groups of building workers have been formed or are in the process of being formed to go to Russia. Carpenters proudly bring to us questionnaires issued to them by their group secretaries, and we help to fill them out. White-collar unemployed want to know whether the Soviet Russians are, indeed, in such a great need of teachers of English as it is currently reported. And can bookkeepers be used by the Soviet even if they do not know the Russian language? Anyway, have you got some good text books to learn some Russian in the quickest time possible? Alas, we

(Continued on Page 338)

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The Power Issue in Politics

By LANGDON POST

WATER power and public utility control as a political issue is about as popular with soap-box speakers and Fourth of July orators as a treasurer's report at a bond salesmen's dinner. In the first place the people do not know what it is all about; second, they do not care; and, third, it is not an issue at all except in localized sections of the country. As a show water power and public utility control is a failure. Prohibition, with its gangs and its racketeers and its speakeasies, with the murder, bloodshed and romance that follow in its wake, can pack a house any time; but a debate on whether or not seven cents a kilowatt hour is exorbitant for electricity in the home will not fill a seat.

Then why does the issue keep rearing up its head every time a campaign comes around? Why, if it contains no drama and only sectional interest, is it considered a major issue? Why is it that governors and senators have ridden to victory claiming it as their greatest asset?

It so happens that the statesmen who have espoused the cause of the consumer as opposed to that of the stockholder are men of persuasive oratory and showmen of the first order. Borah, Norris, Wheeler, Walsh, Smith and Roosevelt all know the art of political dramatizations as well as the vote value of "the people's rights." Through their individual abilities and efforts the issue has managed to keep itself on the political vaudeville bill; but in itself it is a dull fellow and has no more human interest than a report of the weather bureau. The fact that it is important, that it is the greatest controlling interest in our life today and that it will grow more and more so as the years roll on, does not render it exciting and, therefore, it cannot be depended upon as a sole issue.

But there is a human interest side to the utility and water power issue, a very human interest: for behind the scenes of today's politics this issue is being considered most carefully by the backers of the show—those political angels who are in the habit of "putting up" every four years. If the average voter does not realize the importance of the issue today, the gentlemen who deal in the stocks and bonds of the utility companies are well aware of it. It would be a great mistake to think that they have been pouring money into the political coffers of both parties just out of a spirit of patriotism. They must tread carefully lest they find themselves out of step with the gentleman who is to occupy the White House from 1933 to 1937. Although prohibition, unemployment, depressions, tariff and foreign relations all play their parts in the decision of the President makers, they must yield a place to Mr. Utility, colorless as he may be.

Imagine, if you can, the great financial powers of the country sitting around a council table discussing the question of who shall be the next President. There are two main questions to be decided. First, is the candidate on the right side of business? Second, can he be elected? Names are brought up for discussion, dissected and analyzed. Hoover, Morrow, Coolidge (they cannot eliminate the sage of Northampton completely because no one quite knows what he might choose to do and there are a lot of people who still think that he was a great President), these are the Republicans. They pass the first test one hundred per cent. They are right on utilities and those great monopolies will be safe for private development and control under their leadership. But can they be elected? Calvin probably could; Morrow might. But how are they going to get the nomination if Hoover insists on his right to run again? But Mr. Hoover is not quite so popular as he was three years ago, when he rode into office on promises of continued prosperity. His nomination they must leave to the politicians, and in view of the probability that those gentlemen will do what they are told the council must take up the question of the Democratic candidates, for a strong member of that party might very well defeat Mr. Hoover.

So once more they go over the list. Owen D. Young, Albert C. Ritchie, Newton D. Baker, Franklin D. Roosevelt and last, but not least, Alfred E. Smith hanging around hoping that the people have got over their silly prejudices again Catholicism, prohibition, Tammany Hall, raddio and Mrs. Smith. The chances of having something to say about the Democratic nominee are greater than that of the Republican because no single Democrat has the patronage control over the various state leaders that a President can wield and money talks much louder under those circumstances.

Glancing over this list brings us to the original assertion that water power and utility control has a human interest side because, of the five men mentioned, four at least have at one time or another espoused the cause of the consumer as opposed to that of the stockholder, and all four of them can claim a great deal of popularity with the voter because of this stand. Ritchie as the Public Defender of Maryland, Smith as Governor of New York, Young as the sponsor of the Smith policy and Roosevelt as the man who carried this policy to its fruition—all these men have aided in one way or another to spike the reactionary plans of the private utility companies.

It was Alfred E. Smith who first

Keystone

POWER
Hydro-turbines in Richmond, Va.

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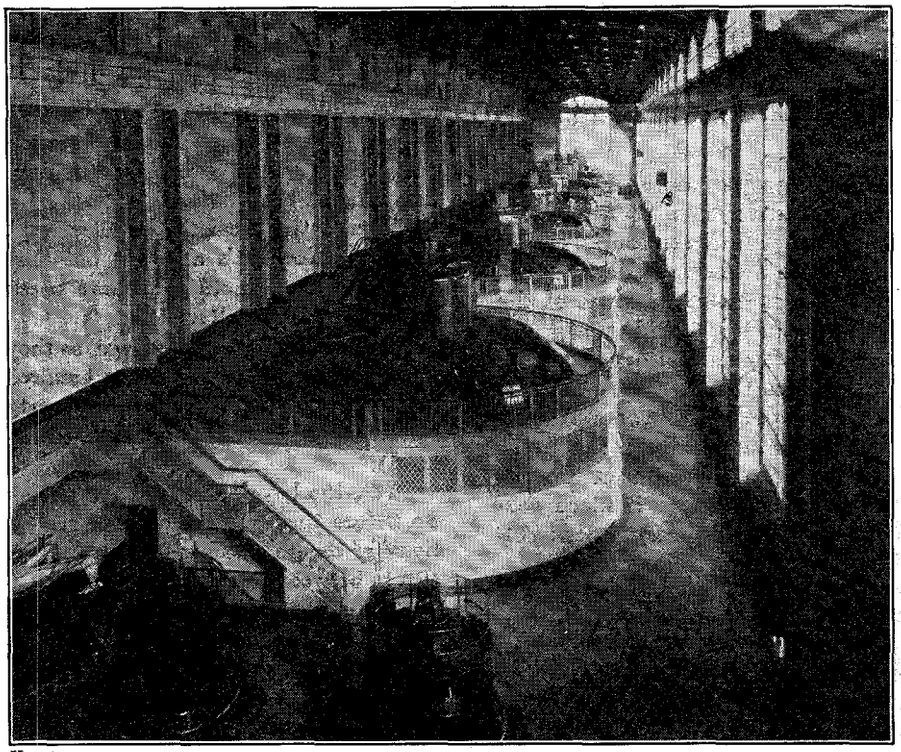


Keystone

THE CATHEDRAL OF POWER

Turbine Hall at Conowingo, Md., one of the two largest hydroelectric plants in the world

dramatized the power issue in New York so that even the voters got excited. It was he who used the term "white coal" and spoke of the state ownership and operation of the source of hydro-electric power as the only method by which the people could retain control of the switch so that the juice might be turned on and off according to the good behavior of the utility companies. It was he who dramatically scotched the plan of the Republican-controlled State Water Power Commission, three weeks before that body was to go out of existence, to turn over the state's rights in the St. Lawrence River to the Frontier Corporation, owned by the General Electric, Aluminum Company, and du Pont. For two weeks telegrams and letters, couched in the familiar Smith form, went back and forth. Every paper in the state followed the news of the fight on the front pages. Editorial writers waxed indignant pro and con according to the policy of the owners. It looked as if Smith had blown the breath of life into the issue and that it had actually taken on a human interest. The people seemed to have finally realized what it meant. After it was over and Smith had emerged the victor, he became even more firmly entrenched in the minds of the people as their champion and the defender of their inalienable rights.

It also looked as if Big Business was going to turn Smith down. It was all very well for him to advocate social welfare measures, state government reorganization and labor legislation. He could even campaign on a water power and electric utility plank. The people could not get very excited about that, anyway. But when he started to popularize this issue, and brought it to a point where it looked as if the government of the state was really to be run along socialistic lines, Big Business would have to draw the line. It was quite willing to support Smith, the social welfare worker, but Smith, the socialist, was an animal of entirely different breed.

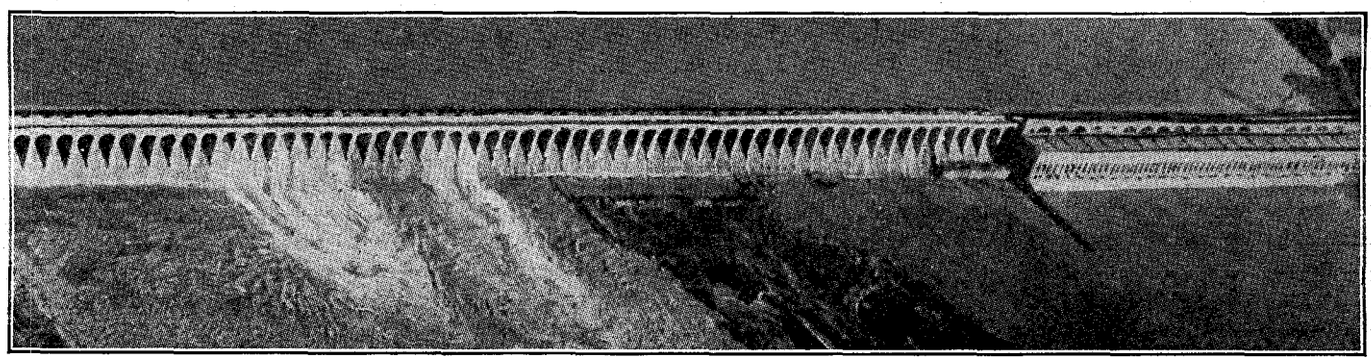
So they set to work to brand him as a dangerous radical and they almost succeeded until a gentleman of their own ranks, whose position in their world was more than assured, arrived in the nick of time to save him. Owen D. Young, capitalist, endorsed the water power program of Alfred E. Smith, socialist. What could the magnates do? They simply had to accept it on faith, cease their mutterings against Smith and bide their time until some explanation arrived as to why their Mr. Young had deserted them.

The explanation was not long in coming. It soon developed that the General Electric had sold its interest in the Mohawk Hudson, one of the largest transmitting and distributing companies in New York state, and henceforward would confine itself to the manufacture of electrical equipment and, therefore, it really did not matter who put up the money for development because the General Electric would have to supply the materials in any case. Then the power world also woke up to the fact that what Mr. Smith was advocating, and what Mr. Young was endorsing, was merely the state ownership and operation of water power at its source; that there was absolutely no intention of putting the state into the transmitting and distributing business.

They breathed easily once more and Al Smith was again taken to their hearts as one of New York's greatest Governors.

The explanation of this sudden shift in financial sentiment is quite simple to any one who knows anything about public utilities. The manufacture of electricity, particularly the manufacture of hydro-electricity, is comparatively simple once the waters are harnessed. The cost per kilowatt hour is practically negligible and the profits do not even begin at that point. If the regulation of electric utility rates could be based on the cost of the manufacture of the electricity, then electric utility regulation would indeed be simple. But it is in the

(Continued on Page 350)



Wilson Dam, from downstream at Muscle Shoals

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A Kansas Savage Rears a Family

By DR. LOGAN CLENDENING

The proper methods of rearing children have been the subject of wide discussion in recent years. In a recent Outlook, Zelda Popkin summarized some of the new ideas of "child guidance," and shortly the following article came into the Outlook office. It tells of the success of a Kansas physician in rearing a family of boys and girls without knowledge of any of the modern theories. It is amusing if not thought-provoking.

THE psychoanalyst and I had gone to the little town in Kansas for a consultation. The psychoanalyst was a sort of phonograph record of Sigmund Freud and the later embroideries of his method. "Child guidance" was only one of the many activities he operated in. He reconstructed little children as you and I might mend dolls.

The consultation was over. We sat in the office of the old doctor who had sent for us, waiting for the train to take us home. The view out the window was bleak. The frame houses of the little town sat upon ground that seemed incapable of producing even sunflowers. The question kept beating itself into your mind, "How in the world did people make a living in such a country?"

The somewhat strained interval of silence was broken by the psychoanalyst.

"How is your family, Doctor?" he asked our consultant.

"Oh! all right. Did I tell you Charley was in Johns Hopkins?"

"Charley?"

"Yeah! That's my youngest boy."

"How large a family have you, Doctor?"

"Oh, I got three boys and four girls."

"By George! All grown up?"

"All but the littlest girl. Yeah! My oldest boy graduated in medicine from the state university. He's practising in Concordia. And the second graduated in medicine from Northwestern; he's temporarily here with me. And then Charley—he's studying medicine at Johns Hopkins."

"What do the girls do?"

"One's married—married a professor of history. One's teaching at normal school. One's in the university, and the littlest is still in high school."

Instinctively the psychoanalyst and I gazed out over that impoverished landscape, and our eyes met with the same thought.

"By golly, Doctor," I said, "that's quite a proud record for a family in these days. You must have had a pretty fair estate when you started in practice here to accomplish so much."

The old doctor barked a short laugh and stroked his chin. His eyes gazed dreamily out of the window.

"When my wife and I landed here thirty-two years ago we had exactly fifteen dollars and eighty-five cents," he answered.

"Well! but how were you able to do so much for all your children?"

The old gentleman smiled very slowly. He re-lit his cigar carefully and squinted humorously at the psychoanalyst.

"I guess it's because I'm the only person in the world who knows how to bring up children," he said.

The psychoanalyst started. "How do you do it?" he asked abruptly.

"Well, I have the same plan with all of them," said the old doctor, leaning back and speaking very slowly.

"Every one of them, as soon as they graduate from common school, I take them in all by ourselves and we have a little talk. I say: 'Now, whatever their name might be,' I say, 'I want you to know that from here on I'm through with you. I borned you, and to that extent was responsible for you. I fed you, and clothed you up to now: I've protected you from ordinary dangers. I've given you a common school education. You can read, write, cipher, cook, chop wood, and so on. I think I have done my full duty by you. From now on, you are on your own. You can go to high school or not just as you like. But if you do go you have to earn the money to pay your way. You can always eat and sleep at my house but that's all.'

"Pshaw!" says I, "when I was your age I coulda hung from there by my toes"

"Then I tell them that if they want to go to college it's all right but they can't even enter until they have saved up five hundred dollars."

"And they all went to college, so they all had made and saved the five hundred dollars?" I asked ("from this poverty stricken town" was in the back of my head).

"Yes, the boys had saved the money up before they got out of high school. Some of the girls had to teach a year or two in between so as to save enough.

"The system seems to work, because you see they're improving. Charley, the youngest boy, is going to a better medical school than any of them.

"When Charley was about six years old, I was coming in the yard one day and he was hanging by his hands from the limb of a tree. I closed the gate and walked past like I didn't notice him.

" 'Look at me,' he screams.

" 'What about you?' I says.

" 'I'm hanging by my hands,' he says.

" 'Pshaw!' I says, 'when I was your age I coulda hung from there by my toes.'

"The next day my wife telephoned me at the office and she says 'Come home quick!'

" 'What's the matter?'

" 'It's Charley,' she says, 'I think he's dead'.

"Well, I got home fast enough, and I looked at Charley and I thought he was dead. He was all covered with blood. He had dragged a barrel sawed in half under that tree and he had tried to hang by his toes and he had slipped and he fell on the iron ring of the barrel and he had cut his face pretty near from ear to ear. Well, we sewed him up and he got all right, but when it was all over I said to my wife:

" 'These other boys of ours, they may go to prison and get into all kinds of trouble, but there's one comfort—you don't ever need to worry about Charley. Charley is going to turn out all right.'

"When Charley was in his second year in high school a man stopped me on the street and said:

" 'Did you hear about Charley?'

"And I said, 'No.'

" 'He smashed up your fenders and another fellow's car out on the highway, and they took him into court and fined him twenty-five dollars.'

" 'That's all right,' I said, 'he's got

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it. He's got over two hundred dollars banked with me. And any boy of mine who can have that happen to him and come home and not whimper about it, and sit through supper without mentioning it, can put his feet under my table as long as he wants.'

"When Charley got through college he said to me, 'I'm going to Johns Hopkins to study medicine.'

"I said, 'How you going to get in?'

"He said, 'I'm already in.'

"I said, 'How you going to support yourself?'

"He said, 'I got more money than I know what to do with, once I get there. I've got a job in the physiological laboratory at $75 a month.'

"He saved on it, and the next year he got a better job at $125 a month. But before he left he had to work in the harvest fields. When he came back I said, 'How much did you make?'

" 'A hundred and eighty-seven dollars.'

" 'Hand it over and I'll bank it.' And he handed me a roll of bills.

"After I'd counted it I said, 'Why there's only a hundred and seventy-nine dollars here. What did you do with the rest?'

" 'I stopped in Salina and I went to a moving picture show, and I had an ice cream soda, and I bought a pair of shoes and a suit of underwear and two shirts and a necktie.'

"He's coming back this summer to see his mother—during vacation. Saved the money to do it with out of his salary.

"I always go and see my boys graduate. Unless they make enough money to come home on vacation, they don't see either their mother or me while they're away at school. But they usually get home.

"When I went to see the second boy get his degree in medicine, I said to him 'How much does whiskey cost around here?' He told me he could get good whiskey for twenty-five dollars a gallon. So I made him a little present, told him to get a gallon for himself and one for me. We got them home here and the oldest boy came over to see his brother.

"We were all three sitting here in my office having a drink of whiskey, when there was a step on the stair and the minister came in.

" 'Doctor,' he said, 'I'm surprised.'

" 'What are you surprised at?'

" 'You sitting there actually drinking whiskey with your own boys.'

" 'What's the matter with that?' I said, 'I've always drunk whiskey. Came from Kentucky—why wouldn't I drink it when I can get it? Always drank it in front of my boys. When they were old enough I taught them to drink it, like gentlemen. And, by the way,' I said, 'since we're on the subject, did you know that I found your boy dead drunk, lying alongside the road the other day, and I picked him up and drove him home in my car and put him in the back door in his mother's hands?'

" 'I heard about it,' said the minister."

When we got on the train the psychoanalyst turned to me and said:

"Isn't that awful?—Mediaeval, archaic, savage—bringing up children quite as if John B. Watson had never lived."

"Seemed to work out all right."

"Yes, but how those children must hate that old man."

"No, they don't."

"How do you know?"

"Because he told me so. They love that old man. He's no liar. Why isn't his discernment and truth-telling ability just as good as all these wild women you listen to all day and put down all their stories as gospel?"

"But think of the starved lives those children must have had."

"I was just thinking what a whale of a lot of fun they must have had."

The psychoanalyst was very patient with me and told me of my errors for several hours. He rather shook me, so I told the story to the wisest man I know, and asked what he thought of it.

"If that isn't the way to bring up children," he said, "there is no way."

This Week's Contributors

Dr. Logan Clendening practices in Kansas City and is professor of clinical medicine in the University of Kansas. He is author of several books and a regular contributor to both magazines and newspapers.

Langdon Post is a Democratic member of the New York state legislature and a student of the power problem. He is a former newspaperman.

Albert Parry is associate editor of the Russian newspaper, *Russky Golos*, and a frequent contributor to the magazines.

Dr. Frederic Damrau is a physician in Brooklyn whose avocation is writing. He was graduated from Long Island College Hospital in 1913 and served as an army medical officer during the war.

"We were all three sitting here in my office having a drink of whiskey when there was a step on the stair and the minister came in"

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The Doctor and His Dollars

By DR. FREDERIC DAMRAU

"I MUST warn you to be prepared," says the doctor in an undertone to the nearest relative. "Things have taken a serious turn."

In this crisis, help is badly needed. And the most logical assistance takes the form of a qualified consultant to advise the family physician in the treatment of his patient. But here is where the ugly dragon, expense, spreads devastation in the household of average means. A financial panic results.

Lucky is the family that has a good general practitioner to guide it through these trying hours, but no one physician is all-knowing, because the field of medicine is entirely too broad. Consequently, when he feels that more expert advice is needed, the conscientious family doctor recommends that a consultant be called in. Should the illness be due to mastoid inflammation, for example, a qualified ear specialist should be asked to examine the patient with the family doctor to determine whether operation is necessary and to perform it, if required. But picture the consternation in the family if the specialist should ask a hundred dollars for his consultation and perhaps a thousand for the operation! Should the patient be wealthy, the situation causes no embarrassment. The family physician is asked to bring in the most distinguished consultants—not one, but several—and "to spare no expense."

Strange as it may seem, the penniless enjoy the same ready access to physicians of renown. They have but to apply to the free clinic, where they will at once receive careful attention from medical men of far above the average ability. Any one who is familiar with free clinics must concede the efficiency of these organizations from the standpoint of medical service to the public. They are so efficient that they enrolled 10,000,000 non-paying patients (many of whom owned automobiles and expensive radios) in one year and are rapidly making the practice of medicine the short road to the almshouse. Physicians working in the clinics receive no salary, profit or commercial advantage whatsoever for their time and gasoline. On the contrary, when the hospital drive comes around every once in so often, they are asked to contribute a modest five hundred or a thousand dollars to keep up the work of competing against their own pocketbooks. Hence, the doctors who are attracted to clinic work are only those who have an earnest interest in medicine and wish to perfect themselves in their particular specialties.

A scribbled note and a few steps across the corridor entitle the bearer to an additional consultation. Sometimes one patient receives three or more expert consultations in a single afternoon. The result is that the physician in charge of his case is in a position to treat him more intelligently than many of his private patients.

As an enterprise of scientific philanthropy, I greatly admire the organization of the free clinics, but I am convinced that their existence on the present large scale is a gross injustice to the medical profession and a menace to the great middle classes, who are too self-respecting to take service for nothing but cannot afford *de luxe* fees. The doctor working in the free clinic, it must not be forgotten, usually has a family to support. During the few hours of work that remain after clinic and hospital periods, he must earn enough money to meet the expenses of the entire day. That is the underlying reason why the services of specialists and surgeons who contribute much of their time to hospital work are so expensive. If four out of five patients do not pay, the fifth must foot the bill for the whole five. That is why the great middle classes cannot afford the services of the most skillful consultants.

MANY of our leading consultants divide their time between the poor and the rich. The poor they serve for nothing; the rich for fees that border on high finance. The great middle class remains outside this system altogether. The person of average means must be content with a medical consultant of average calibre, even though life hangs in the balance. In this respect, he is frequently less fortunate than the pauper in the ward of a charitable hospital. It is expensive to be born and extravagant to die, but recovery from a long illness frequently spells financial ruin.

By virtue of the confidence which must be reposed in the medical adviser, the practice of medicine offers a golden opportunity to the unscrupulous and rapacious. Fortunately, the high standard of medical ethics makes examples of such rapacity unusual, considering the fact that there are 150,000 physicians in the United States. Of course, there are black sheep in medicine as in all other learned callings, but, because of the sacred obligations of the profession, they are relatively few. The surgical operation offers the best excuse for a colossal fee. The nature of the service is so spectacular that the public have attached tremendous significance to it. As a matter of fact, a much higher degree of learning is often required to make a correct diagnosis than to remove the trouble with the knife.

If I had mastoiditis and were allowed a choice between an eminent ear specialist and his assistant, one of whom was to make the decision for or against operation and the other to perform the operation itself, I should without hesitation say, "Let the professor decide whether the operation is necessary, and let his assistant do it, if it has to be done." But the man behind the knife occupies the limelight. He receives the credit for saving the patient's life, and also pockets the substantial check.

Two glaring examples of the greed of some surgeons—fortunately there are not many of this type—were cited by Dr. Malcolm LaSalle Harris, of Chicago, President of the American Medical Association, in an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. A working girl supporting herself and her mother on thirty dollars a week was rushed to the hospital and operated upon for acute appendicitis. While she was convalescing, the surgeon presented a bill for $1,500 for the operation. When she explained that she could not possibly pay this amount, he told her that she would not be allowed to leave the hospital until the money was produced, and it was not until the services of a lawyer were enlisted that she was able to gain her liberty.

In the second case mentioned by Dr. Harris, the surgeon approached the patient's wife immediately after the operation, saying that it was customary for him to collect his fee of $5,000 before leaving the hospital. He omitted to tell her, however, that she was a widow, her husband having died on the table. Surgeons of his type all realize that, when the operation is unsuccessful, collection must be made immediately or not at all. When the truth was learned, the widow turned the bill over to her attorney, who asked the doctor whether he had not made a mistake. The reply was that there had indeed been a mistake, that an expense item of sixty-two dollars for dressings had been overlooked, and that the amended bill was for $5,062!

The public itself is largely responsible for the crushing fees of some surgeons and specialists. Many people rate the doctor entirely by the fee he charges, encouraging the specialist to charge high

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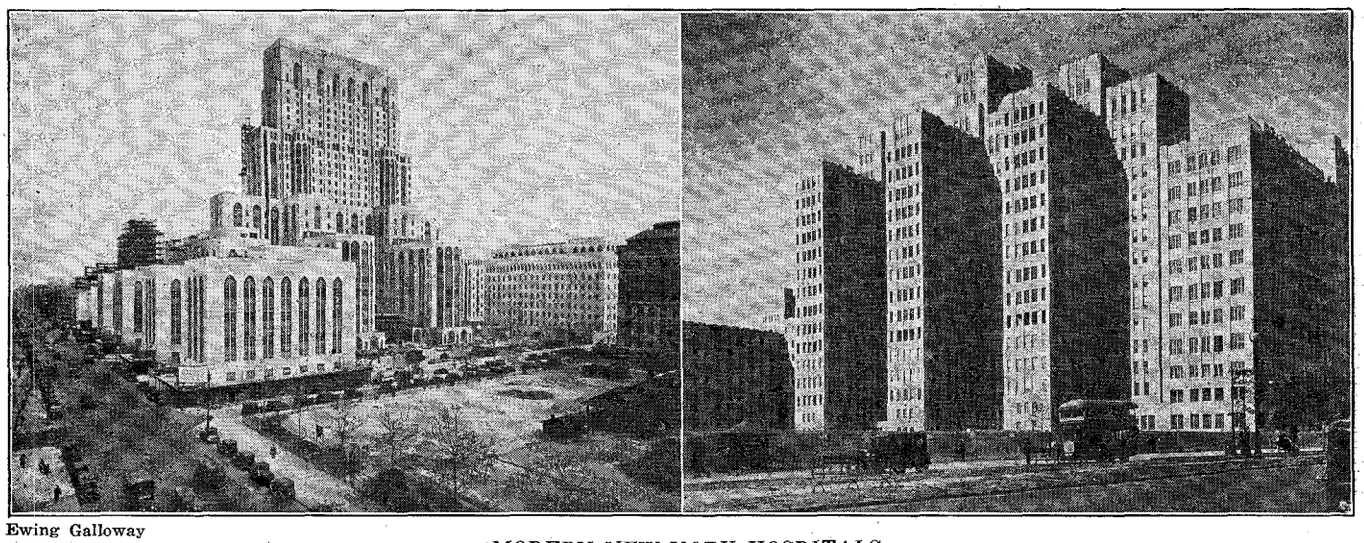

Ewing Galloway

MODERN NEW YORK HOSPITALS

To the left the Cornell Medical Association on the upper east side; to the right the New York City Medical Center on Washington Heights

fees in order to maintain his standing.

Except in occasional instances, the liberally paid surgeon is not a profiteer at heart. He is the outgrowth of a standard by which doctors are judged by the fees they can "get away with," of a practice that gives all the profit to the surgeon because his work is so spectacular, and of a misdirected form of philanthropy which compels him to operate upon four patients without compensation and charge the fifth for all of them.

Excepting general practitioners, there is very little standardization with regard to medical fees. If one's appendix is to be removed, the cost will depend upon who does the operation and the doctor's estimate of the patient's bank balance, as judged from his home and apparent social standing. It has always been the custom to charge wealthy patients considerably more than persons of moderate means. In some cases the wealthy are more exacting and the greater expense is justified by the time consumed by attention to non-essential details. For example, if the doctor must accompany the patient to the hospital and perhaps stay at his bedside all night, he is certainly entitled to a considerable increase in his reward. In other instances, however, the larger fee is based solely on the fact that the patient is wealthy and can well afford it. Whether or not a higher fee should be asked of the wealthy is still a matter of dispute. The legitimacy of this procedure has been attacked on principle in the courts, and decisions have been rendered both *pro* and *con*.

To charge a larger fee simply for the reason that the patient's standard of living is high is unfair, in my opinion, and entirely wrong in principle. In the first place, physicians do not carry Dun or Bradstreet ratings with them and cannot, therefore, judge accurately of their patients' financial standing. Many a man with a big bank account lives in a hovel, and very many persons pay a rent that their pocketbooks can ill afford.

But there is a more fundamental reason why the doctor's fee should be more nearly standardized. Physicians are selling service, not a guaranteed result of that service. To make my point clear, let me cite an argument which I once heard from a surgeon in defense of a charge of $5,000 for removing a rich man's appendix: "I saved his life," the doctor said, "and isn't his life worth $5,000?"

But the error in his argument was that, although the operation may in fact have saved life, the implied contract between patient and surgeon was not to save life. The doctor simply represented himself as a skillful surgeon and undertook to exercise that skill for the benefit of his patient. He did not guarantee cure; nobody but a quack ever does. Whether the patient recovered or died, he was entitled to his fee. Therefore, his bill should not be based on the value of a human life but on the value of a particular type of medical service without regard to the outcome of the case.

THE rather general habit of some of our best surgeons and specialists in limiting their practice to a large free list of hospital and clinic patients and a small pay list of wealthy patients overlooks the great middle class. It would be a wise man indeed who could point out the solution of the problem how to make the best medical service available to persons of average means. One method, I am convinced, should not be adopted: that is, state interference and fixation of a fee schedule.

Doctors, as a whole, are not being overpaid but quite the reverse. The inroads of the free clinic and a rather prevalent habit of not paying medical bills have made the practice of medicine a precarious existence. Any direct interference with physicians' incomes would simply compel them to give up medicine and apply themselves to other vocations, as many have already done. Whatever readjustment is made with regard to medical fees must come as a result of a mutual understanding between the profession and the public. To my mind, the greatest step in the right direction would be a voluntary reduction in the fees charged by leading surgeons and specialists but 100 per cent collection for all services they render. In other words, I believe that their income should remain the same but that it should be derived from a larger number of persons of average means.

To set an arbitrary value upon an operation, such as one hundred dollars for the removal of an appendix, would be ridiculous. For example, one would much prefer to have his appendix removed by Dr. Mayo than by a surgeon of average ability, and he should expect to pay more, too, for the reason that he is not purchasing an appendectomy as one would buy a pound of coffee but is giving a fee commensurate with the doctor's skill and reputation. Any method of standardization which attempts to fix fees without regard to the ability and eminence of the specialists rendering the service is doomed to failure. But some form of standardization, however elastic it may be, must and will come. The prevalent custom of treating a large free list and necessarily charging pay patients fees entirely outside the means of the middle classes is vicious in its consequences. It makes the best medical advice impossible for the person of average means, who is too self-respecting to accept free attention but cannot afford the fifty-dollar consultation.

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A Gold Rush to Moscow

(Continued from Page 331)

have to reply that there is not a single English text book that employs the new Russian orthography; a few years ago such a text book was published in London but the edition was quickly sold out and stray copies are extremely rare on this side of the ocean.

The owner of a shoe repair shop invited skilled cobblers to join him in a brand-new idea. He would hand over his whole machinery to their coöperative, of which he would be a mere member with no special privileges, and all together they would take the machinery to Russia to serve the new Socialist state. Many other Russians and non-Russians feel that they have not any specially valuable skill to offer the Soviet Union, but they have heard about rural collectivization and tractorization of Russia, and so they decide to learn the running and repairing of tractors. A score of people, mostly unemployed, started a tractor school in Brooklyn several months ago, inviting good mechanics and engineers as teachers. The enrollment grew with amazing rapidity. Some pupils actually walked in from other states. Now there is another tractor school in Connecticut, and still another in Philadelphia, both of which have grown out of this mass desire to go to Russia.

But many have no money to study the tractor or to pay the steamer fare. As soon as they reach New York they go to the docks and hunt out Europe-bound freighters. They scan the New York *Herald Tribune* shipping page for sailing dates of freighters having Leningrad or Odessa as their final ports. Yet, only an insignificant portion of these men, and only after a most persistent and prolonged search, are able to get jobs on such ships—often at no wage, but just for the privilege of going.

Deportation ceased to be a threat to many of the immigrants and became a promise. It is clouded only by the fact that, due to absence of diplomatic relations, no one may be deported from here to the Soviet Union. One may be deported, however, to his home country in western or southern Europe, which is half or three-quarters of the way to Russia, and this the deportees often and cheerfully tell their Ellis Island guards. Recently, a new practice was announced, that of voluntary departure at the expense of the American government for unemployed who can prove that they have been in this country less than three years. Immediately we were swamped by inquiries as to whether, unlike deportation, this voluntary departure at governmental expense is accorded people wishing to go to Russia.

The coöperative idea provides others with passage money. Friends pool their savings to take along a penniless traveler. There are coöperatives of family clans and national groups. Several families of Turkish and Russian Armenians in Michigan have pooled their resources for a couple of tractors, and now, hearing that combines are equally valued in Russia, they contemplate buying a combine as well, though they have only a vague idea of what a combine is. They write to us asking whether it is true that Stalin's wife is an Armenian, and would we please explain in a hurry what is Fascism, Menshevism, Democracy, Communism, Proletariat? They are all for the workers' and peasants' state and power, and they want to know what isms are good to toilers and what are not. They want to come to Russia as class conscious and politically educated as the Russian workers are.

Many Russians and non-Russians in America, however, have an exceptionally full store of information about Russia. Their understanding of the new principles of the Soviet state, and how these principles work in practice, shows months and perhaps years of close watching of Russian events. They write to us to learn only some minor details, such as what duty they will have to pay on this or that piece of machinery they are taking along to Russia. Almost every one takes or wants to take machinery, from radio sets and motorcycles to the costliest photographic paraphernalia, from sewing machines to lathes and complete sets of automobile repair tools. They are full of admiration for machinery, these former east and south and central European peasants. America taught them this admiration, and they are glad that the new Soviet state shares this attitude. They are glad that they face Russia not empty-handed. They feel that in their tools and machinery they are bringing their diplomas and their contributions to the new state.

On the whole, these new migrants are more level-headed than the men and women of the first rush from America to Russia. Then, in 1918-20, many Russian workers gave away their savings to friends and strangers before embarking for Soviet Russia, for, as they heard, the accursed money was abolished in the first socialist country and everything there was free for the asking. The new migrants know better. Their idea of the experiment is much more definite and complete. But, on the other hand, there are some people, non-Russians mostly, who have an exaggerated conception of the rôle played by the American dollars in Moscow. A Bronx couple wanted to sell their drug store and move to Moscow, there to deposit their money in a state savings bank and live on the interest. They said they were tired of the American hustle and bustle; they craved peaceful life amid an interesting experiment. Picture peaceful life in the overcrowded, rushing Moscow of today on the interest of your money! Somehow I class these two people with that American who wished to go to Russia as a saxophone specialist, and with that enthusiastic Hungarian from Milwaukee who felt that the problem of mass transportation of "broke" Americans to Russia would be best solved by a winter walk from Alaska to Siberia over the ice of Bering Straits—"just like Jules Verne described, just like Jules Verne!"

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of July 11, 1951

Senator Arms, heading a group of congressional representatives from Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania, urged the President last Tuesday to veto the bill to prevent American manufacturers from exporting munitions to Asiatic, European and South American belligerents.

An extra dividend of twenty dollars per share was paid July 15 on the common stock of the Death Valley Edible Cactus Nurseries, Inc.

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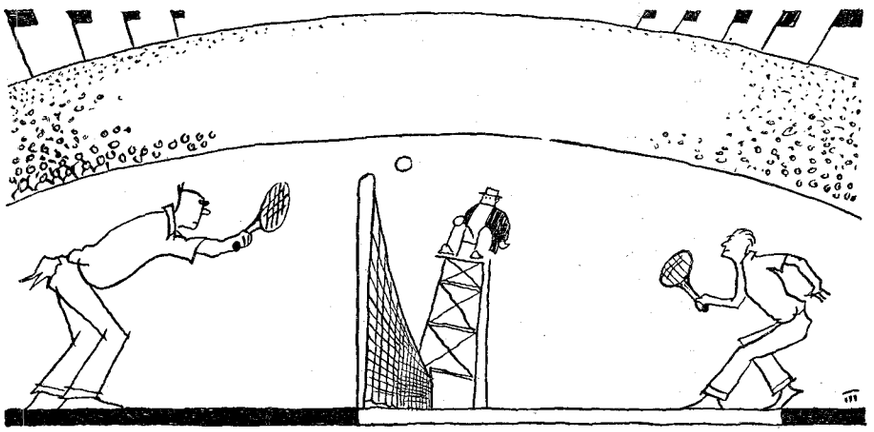
The Spotlight on Sports



Hot Golf

CLIMATE played freakish pranks at the expense of sports enthusiasts this last fortnight. The thermometer by the umpire's chair on Wimbledon's center court registered fifty-eight degrees. Chill-hardened Londoners shivered in summer chiffons. Teeth chattered like castanets. Hawkers did a land-office business in cheap woolen blankets. It was no day for tennis.

Meanwhile, at Columbus, Ohio, the British professional golf team was wilting in the midst of a humid heat wave. For simmering, muggy, midsummer weather our Middle West can give the Amazon Valley several degrees of start.

"My word," said George Duncan as he sank limply down on a locker-room bench, "this has Africa beaten." He and his sweltering mates were on the verge of prostration. Gulping ice water by the quart had made them ill. British tummies are not attuned to that harsh, unsatisfying Yankee beverage.

Climate alone didn't beat the Britishers at Scioto, though that ninety-eight-degree temperature kept them from making a respectable showing. Walter Hagen's men seemed to revel in the grilling heat. Gene Sarazen, of Latin extraction, actually wore a woolen jersey —said it kept the sun from getting through to his skin.

The British discarded their traditional tweed jackets. Shirt-sleeved golf feels strange to those accustomed to the telltale tug of a coat at the top of the swing. Captain Charles Whitcombe's men visited the pro's shop in a body and bought panama hats with translucent green eyeshades which cast weird, greenish lights on their prominent English noses, accentuating their cadaverous complexions.

They wore drab, dust-colored clothes, with baggy plus fours, pleated at the waist in the Bond Street manner. Archie Compston, a giant of a man with a face chipped from granite, a prognathic jaw, and a Lon Chaney scowl, was the lone Britisher to strike an individualistic note in the matter of dress. In deference to his stilt-like shanks, Compston wore long trousers. A dark blue scarf, knotted loosely about his throat, contrasted pleasantly with his baby blue shirt. He looked like one of those pirates you see at any fancy costume ball. A Tarzan of the links this throwback to Neanderthal Man and a great favorite with the feminine portion of the gallery.

Long white flannels, once monopolized by tennis players, are growing popular in golf. Such natty dressers as Farrell, Hagen, Wood and Burke appeared in these "slacks." It is rumored that a tailoring concern induced these dandies to wear flannels in the hope of starting a vogue.

England's Old Guard

"WIFFY" Cox and Billy Burke should be immune to high temperatures, for they served apprenticeships in boiler rooms before turning to golf. Burke, a good-looking Slovak whose real name is Burkowski, was once a puddler in a blast furnace. Whimsical "Wiffy" Cox, who wants you to smile if you call him Wilfred, shoveled coal in the stokehold of the battleship *Texas*. A hundred in the shade seems refreshing to these hard-baked fire-eaters.

Environment has been the decisive factor in this Ryder Cup series. Our Yankee professionals have yet to win a Ryder match on British soil. The British have lost both their American appearances. A strange course, unfamiliar climate and the unaccustomed ball would have halted a far stronger British than this one.

The invaders, taken collectively, gave the impression of being too old for their job. Duncan, Mitchell, Robson and Ernest Whitcombe are in their middle forties; Charley Whitcombe, Compston and Havers have left thirty well behind; only Esterbrook, Hodson and Davies are young in an athletic sense.

One London critic unkindly referred to the British side as a "team of has-beens." Unhappily, with Alliss, Boomer and Cotton ineligible, the only alternative to the "has-beens" were some "never-wasers."

Cochet's Defeat

HENRI COCHET'S surprising defeat at the hands of a British second stringer in an early Wimbledon round raises hopes that our youthful Davis Cup crusaders may succeed where Tilden and Co. have failed in recent years.

Cochet has been a sick man since March. His defeat can be discounted on that score, but there is no assurance that he will be in physical condition to do himself justice in the Davis Cup challenge round. Personally, I have too much respect for the recuperative powers of the wiry little chap from Lyons to indulge in any premature gloating.

Assuming that America beats Great Britain (a contingency by no means assured), France will need Cochet at his best to turn back our fresh, impetuous youngsters. Jean Borotra's vitality seems inexhaustible, but it is asking a lot of the airplane riding pump salesman to bear the brunt of two singles matches as well as the doubles. With dynamic Frank Shields and cagey Sidney Wood shouldering the single matches, the temperamental George Lott and the erratic John Van Ryn are free to play themselves out in the doubles. Youth and physical condition ride on our side. Will those factors offset tournament poise and matured strategy?

A tennis hoodoo dogs France's Davis Cup defenders. Lung trouble shelved René Lacoste when the cold, calculating "crocodile of the courts" had reduced tennis to a geometric science. Now Cochet, quixotic genius of the racket, is slow in shaking off the effects of appendicitis.

Trousers for Ladies

SENORITA LILI DE ALVAREZ braved the fashion arbiters of Wimbledon and escaped without being scolded by those august and mysterious beings who censor feminine tennis apparel. The vivacious Spanish girl flaunted her pyjama costume, with its subtly divided skirts, on the center court, hallowed by Victorian traditions.

Eager spectators felt cheated when Senorita de Alvarez was quickly elimi-

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nated by an English girl who has played more golf than tennis. They had to be content with a fleeting glimpse of that well-advertised *jupe-culotte*. You could hear whispering in the covered stands. "My dear, she's got 'em on"; "No, she hasn't, that's a skirt"; "Yes, she has, the trousers are widely flared."

Just when the ayes appeared to have it, charming Lili held out her hand in token of surrender. She had beaten herself by trying to shave the lines on every shot. Like Norris Williams, the Spanish girl counts a match well lost if the chalk dust flies occasionally.

▸▸*One Thousand Winners*

Jockey Laverne Fator has ridden one thousand winners on the racetrack. Even his old side-kick—handy Earle Sande—hasn't booted that many winners home. Sande has won all the track classics, however, whereas Fator has yet to catch the judge's eye in the Kentucky Derby, Preakness or Belmont Stakes.

Only three jockeys have surpassed Fator's total. Jim Butwell leads with 1307 winners, followed by Johnny Callahan with 1199 and Earl Pool with 1150. Butwell is a veteran who picked up a large part of his total on western tracks.

Fator's best year was 1926, when his mounts earned $361,435. The aggregate purses won by Fator-ridden horses from 1919 to date is $2,314,500. Fator is independently wealthy, having saved his earnings, but he wishes he had that two million dollars prize money. It was split among scores of stables, most of which are "in the red."

Fator's complete record at the time he hit one thousand read: 4364 mounts; 1000 firsts; 751 seconds; 639 thirds. He finished in the money in more than half his starts. It might not have paid to play all of Fator's mounts across the boards, however, because the odds were short in many cases. He rode a raft of favorites in the Rancocas colors.

Fator was born at Peek-a-boo, Idaho, but he lived that down. The town is anything but the la-de-da hamlet its namby-pamby name implies. Weighing only 103 pounds, Fator doesn't have to diet on caraway seeds and orange juice to get lightly scaled mounts. He should last a long time yet, for he can make weight without sacrificing strength. Despite his pygmy size, Fator has disproportionately large shoulders and forearms. An intuitive judge of pace, he rates his mounts nicely, and has the nerve to bull his way through needle-eye openings, reckless of his own and other jockeys' necks. His mates are just a bit afraid of rough-and-ready Fator. They don't like to be crowded.

▸▸*Capone Preferred*

Trevor Wignall, sports writer for a leading London daily, has been covering golf and boxing in the Middle West. The less said about his British Ryder Cup countrymen the better, perhaps. At any rate, Wignall got this wire from his boss: "Go easy on British golf stop rush 10,000 words on Al Capone." A word costs thirty cents, press cable rates, but your Englishman can't sip his afternoon tea without the latest gangster news. Capone is all the rage in London just now.

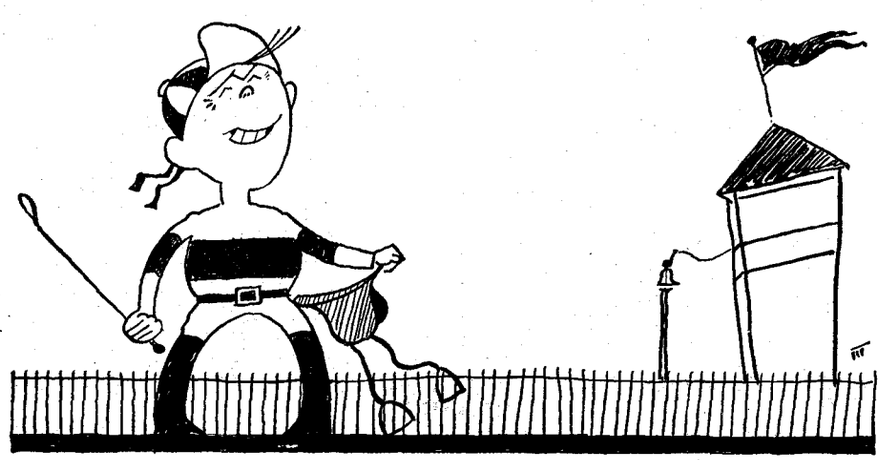
Since hobnobbing with Chicago's beer barons, Wignall can't enter the press shack at a golf championship without jumping. The staccato rataplan of typewriter keys suggests the lethal lilt of a machine gun.

▸▸*Advertising Benny Friedman*

"Announcing Benny Friedman's personal appearance," clarions a department store advertisement. "Michigan's greatest quarterback—Yale's greatest backfield coach—will help you select your athletic equipment."

The Michigan part of this ballyhoo is all right with me, though old-time Maize and Blue partisans may prefer "Boss" Weeks, but "Yale's greatest backfield coach" is a line that can scarcely go unchallenged. That phrase ought to interest the Dartmouth, Army and Harvard football men who stopped Yale's offense dead in its tracks last fall. The Blue backfield, inferentially tutored by Friedman, didn't gain enough ground to bury the proverbial quarterback. If I were Friedman I wouldn't admit responsibility for that 1930 Yale attack. As a matter of fact Benny was not the backfield coach at all—merely an instructor in forward passing.

Friedman's salary at New Haven is only a thousand dollars. This is supplemented by various business connections in New York. He can't draw more money from the Yale Athletic Association because of the Big Three agreement limiting the coaching salary budget to a definite figure. Yale has so many football assistants that it was hard to squeeze Benny into the budget.



▸▸*Press Agent Stuff*

Here's another press agent's coup: "Bobby Jones broke seventy today on the 6700-yard Longmeadow Course," runs an A. P. dispatch, "he used a set of steel-shafted, cushion-neck clubs."

Those particular golfing weapons are patented by the athletic supply house for which Bob now works in the capacity of equipment supervisor. That's what you call camouflaging a sales talk as news.

▸▸*Old Timers*

The recent appearance of a Stutz in an important automobile race recalls the time when motor car manufacturers weren't afraid to pit their products against one another on road or track under their own trade names.

Not the least of the thrills incidental to a Vanderbilt Cup Race was the prospect of seeing a car of the same make as your own come roaring around the bend. Do you remember when the Locomobile, Pope Toledo, Thomas Flyer, Alco, Appearson and Chalmers thrummed down the oiled ribbon of a country road in cut-throat competition? Recognition of a familiar radiator contour lent zest to the spectator. We had that "our side may win" feeling.

As consumer demand increased—as the automobile evolved from a sportsman's toy to a prosaic medium of transportation—manufacturers became cautious. Fearing public reaction to a defeat, they withdrew their cars from racing. Gone is the old bravado, the old glamour. Who cares whether a Gem Special beats a front-drive Twinplex?

George Trevor.

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The Week in Business

Picking Up Speed

WITH the exception of steel and automobile production, the chief business indices continue to show an encouraging trend. The hill we are beginning to climb is long and steep, but the old engine is inclined to work smoothly, the mixture appears to be about right, and unless some crazy driver gets in our way we are surely going to make the grade.

Car loadings, always one of the most dependable of indices, are well worth watching just now. The latest American Railway Association report showed a gain of 6,663 cars, at a time when the normal seasonal trend is downward. This registers, of course, a cheering rise in the adjusted index.

Both commodity and security markets maintained a firm tone. Retail trade was helped by favorable weather and surprisingly good buying in many markets in preparation for the Fourth of July holiday. Wholesalers report orders small in unit quantity but fairly satisfying in the aggregate.

The one-year holiday for War debt payments still remains the most important factor in the general business situation, and as these paragraphs are written the way seems clear for the plan to proceed under full steam. The results, measured in dollars, may not be all that many observers hope for, but the psychological effect should be tremendous. The world's business has been desperately sick in its mind. It should soon complete its period under observation in the psychopathic ward and be set free to resume its normal activities.

Mergers — Rails and Oil

HIGH points in the week's merger news were developments in the eastern railways four-system consolidation plan and definite progress toward the Socony-Vacuum oil combination.

The movement to combine certain eastern carriers has been on the way for about eight years. During this time there has been a lot of backing and filling, and it is only within the past few months that the leading railroads have been able to get together on a consolidation plan.

The original scheme, worked out by Professor W. Z. Ripley, called for eight or nine key railroad systems in the east. The present plan is based on a voluntary four-party grouping, the key roads being the New York Central, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, and Chesapeake & Ohio-Nickel Plate system. A fifth system, including the Lehigh Valley and the Wabash, is a possibility. This and many other problems will come up for an airing soon, when the plan is definitely presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Standard Oil (N. Y.) and Vacuum, having surmounted the last hurdle of governmental opposition, are now pushing their merger plan through to completion. The new title will not be "General Petroleum Corporation," as originally planned, but "Socony-Vacuum Corporation." To preserve the goodwill attached to the names of the present companies, there will be two subsidiary corporations, known respectively as "Vacuum Oil Company, Inc.," and "Standard Oil Company of New York, Inc." If the present plan is approved, stockholders of the old Vacuum company will receive 2½ shares of the Socony-Vacuum Corporation for each share of stock they surrender. Standard (N. Y.) stockholders will get share for share in the new company.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) July 2—70.6. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) July 2—64.1.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended June 20—739,116 cars (increase of 6,663 over preceding week; reduction of 181,529 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended June 27—38.5% of capacity (reduction of 1.5% under preceding week and of 30% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended June 27—daily average gross 2,441,950 barrels (reduction of 40,400 under preceding week and of 169,000 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended June 27—1,863,000 bushels (reduction of 597,000 under preceding week and of 208,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended July 2—$9,921,875,000 (increase of 33.6% over preceding week; reduction of 25% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended July 2—413 (reduction of 9 under preceding week and of 22 under same week of 1930).

Vagaries — Series 21

WITH this series, the Department of Vagaries comes of age. From now on, being out in the cruel, cold world, we shall have to pay our own bills. So, assuming the new responsibilities and tightening up our belt, we report the following:

1. That chemical robot which is sampling the atmosphere of Pittsburgh in order to determine to what extent the downtown air is polluted and the health of the city's residents endangered by auto gases.

2. Reduction in the high cost of dying, indicated by the statement of coffin-makers and funeral directors that those $20,000 coffins for gangsters are mostly hooey, the actual cost being from $400 to $600.

3. The establishment in London of a school "for the training of soda fountain dispensers." Will Britons still be Britons when they have abandoned beef and ale for the chocolate float and the banana split?

4. Improvement of the industrial situation in Florida by a northerner named Henry Ford, who exchanged new sawmill engines for old at Fort Myers and carried the relics off to his museum at Dearborn, Michigan.

5. Successful demonstration at Akron, Ohio, of the latest gadget for airplanes, the rubber overshoe. Fitted over the edges of plane wings and struts, this device "breathes" (with motor-driven lungs) and prevents ice from forming and wrecking the plane.

Unions Plus Management

UNION-MANAGEMENT coöperation is now being demonstrated on four of the major railway systems of the United States and Canada, which have together about one-sixth of the combined railroad mileage of the two countries.

When Louis Aubrey Wood, now associate professor of economics in the University of Oregon, was a graduate student at Yale in 1928-29, he made a thoroughgoing study of the operations of the plan, visiting personally between 40 and 50 maintenance of equipment stations on the various railroads. The results of this careful and useful survey have now been published in *Union-Management Coöperation on the Railroads* (Yale University Press, $4).

It took a long time for the railroad workers to get a hearing for their ideas as to how equipment and service might be improved. Daniel Willard of the B. & O. discovered this years ago when he got a job in a repair shop of the Connecticut & Passumpsic River Railroad at Lyndonville, Vermont. A good idea came to him, but when he tried to register it with the management an older helper told him, "Sonny, you'd better keep still." For workers who wanted to keep their jobs, silence was golden.

This is now changed to a remarkable extent. Such roads as the B. & O., Canadian National and the "St. Paul" now have regularly established and smoothly working machinery for the coöperation of the workers and the management. Professor Wood has made an admirable study of this important industrial development, and has reported it in an exceptionally enlightening and readable book.

FRANK A. FALL.

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The New Movies

The Next Formula?

NOW definitely scared away from gangster stories — which made them a good share of their money last year—the Hollywood ironmasters are wondering what sort of moulds they should use in the film foundries next season. None of them seems to have thought of making varied programs. They are looking for a new "formula"—a new patented recipe which will save them a lot of thinking and make them a lot of money—and to hell with the public and its sufferings under hundreds of exactly similar films. At present the best guess about next year seems to be mystery and horror stories such as *Frankenstein* and *Murders in the Rue Morgue,* which are already under way.

There are times when one can feel sorry for Hollywood—in spite of its colossal stupidities, its dull vulgarities and almost constant distortion of human character. Hollywood has a terrible time keeping in villains. One by one they have been eliminated. Deprived of a great number of the villains or "evil" forces employed by novelists and dramatists, Hollywood turned eagerly to the gangster. Here was a "menace" who was never interested in striking back. The gangster was the only member of the community left without a press agent and a political lobby. Now the gangster has been removed by an hysterical citizenry led by publicity-seeking officials. (Did you ever notice that even the most insignificant public official makes the front pages if he talks about the "films"?) Anyway, gangsters are out—for a while—and Hollywood is left miserably poking about for a "menace" or villain who will not sue them, protest to the State Department, send around press agents or political lobbies, or denounce them in print. The result is that Hollywood is driven to spooks, hands in the dark and other trivialia.

To have drama you *must* have a fight of some sort—physical, moral or mental. And since there must be a contest, it is almost inevitable that certain characters, ideas or institutions will be represented in an unfavorable light. And, for some absurd reason, all the people who have even the faintest connection with this person, thing, or place, will protest that they have been deliberately and personally insulted. Consider what you are up against when you are trying to please 122,000,000 people in one country alone. Religion, which has caused most of the fighting and bloodshed in history, is, of course, immediately out as a subject. National subjects, or those which reflect unfavorably on any race, group or class, are out. You must be absolutely quiet on the subject of birth control, Soviet Russia, labor disputes, the growth of corporate power, and the present state of politics. You must not touch any of the vital dramatic material which lies neglected by all but a few novelists in thousands of communities in the United States, because it might offend those communities. Southern illiteracy, western braggadocio, New York smugness and self-satisfaction, and New England Coolidgeisms offer extraordinary opportunities for satire and drama—but they would hurt people's feelings. If they are touched upon they must be covered with a heavy syrup of "goodwill."

Until the boys in Hollywood grit their teeth and set out to ignore a few of the protests which keep them in line at present, the films will stay just where they are—which is way down at the bottom of the well.

Worth Seeing

Five-Year Plan: An extended newsreel with a lecture in English, showing the progress of the Soviet scheme.

Maltese Falcon: Fair mystery story with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez.

Le Million: Charming and vastly amusing farce from France. Must not be missed—no French needed.

Skippy: Grand pictures of children based on Percy Crosby's drawings. They never go cute on you.

Smart Money: Edward G. Robinson as a small-town gambler who goes to the big city and makes good. An interesting characterization.

Smiling Lieutenant: Maurice Chevalier, two beautiful ladies, and a fair amount of pretty lingerie.

Viking: Seal-hunting off Newfoundland on more cakes of ice than Eliza ever encountered.

"Rebound"

These days I suppose we should be thankful for any movie with even a shadow of intelligence—and *Rebound* at least has an excellent performance by Ina Claire and dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart, some of which is gay and witty, and some of which is not so gay. The trouble is that *Rebound* remains at all times a stage play. It is never a motion picture, and except for Ina Claire and Myrna Loy—who is better than I have ever seen her—you might as well shut your eyes and pretend that Old Papa Photophone is telling you a story in the dark.

The film fails where the play failed. The first two acts were light and fast, and the third act was a flop because Mr. Stewart didn't seem to know quite what to do with his people. First we see Mr. Robert Ames jilted by Myrna Loy. Ina Claire catches him on the rebound, marries him, and takes him to Paris on a honeymoon, only to discover that he is sneaking off to meet Miss Loy at bars, Miss Loy being the sort of person who changes her mind. Ina Claire is really the whole thing, and her attempts to cope with an unfaithful husband are something of a relief after the cheap dramatics of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett. There is a certain amount of humor—some of which is muffed by indifferent direction—and if you care for canned drawing-room comedy *Rebound* should amuse

RKO-Pathe

Ina Claire and Robert Ames in "Rebound," Donald Ogden Stewart's story of the man who marries the wrong girl

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you. Certainly it is one of the few possible films of the last six months—which isn't saying much.

▶▶ "*Newly Rich*"

With Sinclair Lewis' novel, *Let's Play King,* as a basis, director Norman Taurog (who made *Skippy*) has turned out a film showing what unhappy lives famous children have. *Newly Rich* has a good deal of fun with two child movie actors, Delicia Tate (Mitzi Green) and Tiny Tim Tiffany (Jackie Searle) and their ambitious and acutely jealous stage mamas (Edna May Oliver and Louise Fazenda). The mamas are often quite funny, but the satire on Hollywood is never half sharp enough. Most of *Newly Rich* is slapstick farce involving the child king of a mythical Balkan state who is visiting London. The American "child cinema actors" have been dragged to London to meet the child king for publicity purposes, and all three are so bored with the formal lives they lead that they decide to run away. Down by the foggy London waterfront they encounter a gang of extremely American Cockney urchins. Then follows an extended chase and fight in a warehouse with would-be kidnappers. *Newly Rich* is amusing, knockabout stuff. Its only bad moments are those in which the children try to make you feel sorry for them because they can't go out and play. It never reaches the heights achieved by *Skippy,* but I think that children will like it a great deal better than *Skippy,* which, after all, was definitely a grown-up's picture.

▶▶ "*Hell Below Zero*"

Sent to Equatorial Africa by the Milwaukee Museum, Carveth Wells, the explorer, has returned with some unusual and vastly entertaining travel films. In his talkie lecture he tells you that big-game hunting "is for Boy Scouts . . . . animals won't even notice you unless you shoot at them . . . ." and that "African jungles aren't much different from Richmond Park." At the same time Mr. Wells shows movies of lions proving all this. It seems that lions are indecently lazy, and like to sleep all day in the shade. Instead of charging at Mr. Wells and his camera, they all go fast asleep. The second part of his travelogue was made at 15,000 feet in the Mountains of the Moon, in Africa. Here grow some of the most fantastic plants seen since Little Nemo used to see visions in the Sunday papers. Even the parsley grows to nine feet high in them thar parts.

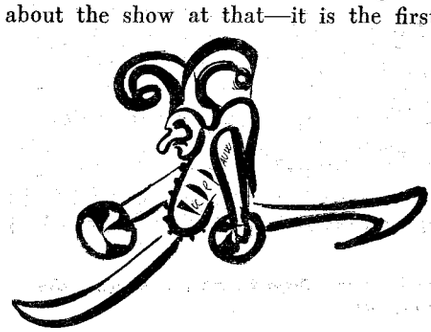
CREIGHTON PEET.

▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

IT'S all very strange about Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld. He's been at it now over a quarter of a century, in the course of which he has produced about a dozen or more *Follies* and numerous other musical shows, to say nothing of the various *Midnight Frolics* on the New Amsterdam Roof. He takes his shows to Boston or Pittsburgh for lengthy tryouts. What is the result of all that experience of one sort or another? Well, the opening night in New York the darned things always run long past midnight and by that time the best-disposed critic in the world is bound to be a little worn, and he is liable to sound more than a little captious, simply on account of being given too much of a good thing.

The Ziegfeld Follies of 1931 were greeted in the daily papers with notices—the ones I saw—that were hardly more than tepid. The daily paper boys and girls saw them, of course, the opening night. The gist of their remarks was that Mr. Ziegfeld had spent a lot of money to assemble a plodding entertainment conspicuously lacking in humor. It is my pleasant duty to report that by the second night everything had been cut and speeded up so that the final curtain was down by eleven-twenty-five, by which time my principal impression was that I had seen a very pleasant show.

Mind you, there is nothing startlingly original about this year's *Follies.* It is all pretty much cut to the old pattern. But for us old sentimentalists it's nice to know that there's still a theatre where the skies are as Urban blue as ever and where the American girl is still being glorified by having quite a few of her clothes removed. There *is* something new about the show at that—it is the first time that the girls have been glorified by riding scantily clad on real live elephants onto the stage.



The climax of the revue comes towards the close of the first act when Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger, the librettists, wax nostalgic for the good old days before the War when Rector's was in flower. Apparently not only could you drink champagne in open, leisurely and civilized fashion then, but any night Nora Bayes would drop in and sing *Harvest Moon,* Al Jolson *You Made Me Love You* and Sam Bernard might ask musically *Who Paid the Rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle When Rip Van Winkle Was Away?* In the *Follies* those notables are impersonated by Ruth Etting, Harry Richman and Jack Pearl, respectively, and I'm afraid it must be said that those songs *are* better than any of the new ones in the show. By way of making the point perfectly clear, we are shown in contrast a 1931 night club full of drunken gangsters with an effeminate master of ceremonies in which an innocent bystander is shot. Obviously this is a direct presentation of the late happenings of the little lamented Club Abbey. The whole thing is most effective, the only nice thing about the 1931 night resort scene being that it gives Ruth Etting a chance to sing a song called *Cigars, Cigarettes,* which, while very much of the same school of thought as her famous *Ten Cents a Dance,* is something to be thankful for as she renders it.

In spite of the fact that the above artists of renown are in and out all the time, individual performance honors in the *Follies* are firmly snatched away by a nimble lad from Cincinnati called Hal Le Roy. Except on the occasion of his own appearance in the short-lived *The Gang's All Here* last winter, such amazingly casual yet highly skilled and intricate tap dancing has not been seen in these parts since the late Jack Donahue was at his best.

Maybe I'm just easy to please, but I found myself laughing at numerous times during the sketches which were much maligned by some of my colleagues. If only to show that I haven't softened up too much, I did think that it was a waste to have Reri, the beautiful South Sea Islander of the film *Tabu,* brought all the way from Polynesia, or wherever it was, only to do one very stereotyped hula-hula. But I guess I'll just let Mr. Ziegfeld worry along as best he can and not get too far out of my depth. There *must* be more to producing a revue than meets the naked eye.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Current Shows

Grand Hotel: That adaptation from the German you may have heard about.
Once in a Lifetime: Some of the ludicrous facts about Hollywood.
Private Lives: Give a play a good name and there's no stopping it.
The Band Wagon: Very smart revue with brilliant cast.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: I wouldn't pick it for a hot-weather show, but there it is. Katharine Cornell is the answer.
The Green Pastures: Are you the fellow who hasn't seen it yet? Shame!
Third Little Show: *When Yuba Plays the Rumba on His Tuba down in Cuba* makes a visit worth while even without Bee Lillie.

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The New Books

Helping Germany Pay

"THE End of Reparations," by Hjalmar Schacht. Translated by Lewis Gannett. (Cape & Smith, $3. Published July 13.) The appearance of this book by the stormy petrel of German reparations at this juncture in the world's diplomatic and financial history is one of those lucky breaks for which all good publishers pray. Dr. Schacht, former head of the Reichsbank, chief of the German delegation whch helped draw up the Young Plan, leader of a significant body of political opinion in Germany, here presents the case for ending the present régime of reparation payments. His book is both an economic and political event, for all that it will be overshadowed by the high diplomacy of the Hoover war debt proposals and by the bread-and-circuses of transatlantic flights.

Dr. Schacht is an economic nationalist in German politics. That is to say, he thinks of the German nation as the base for a certain volume of economic output. He reverts to the theory which he broached at the Young Plan negotiations: if the world expects Germany to pay reparations, the world must make it possible for Germany to pay the sums which are demanded. To make it possible, the world must either reduce the sums to the possibilities of the present German economy, or must make financial and political arrangements for

HJALMAR SCHACHT

expanding that economy. Either America and the Allies must finance German exports, in competition with their own trade, or must give back to Germany her economic losses in the war: Her colonies, her Polish Corridor, her foreign investments, the private German property which was unblushingly seized in so many belligerent countries. As Dr. Schacht sees it, the Allied dilemma is to restore either German credit or the German Empire.

In the first case, he sees reparations as the obstacle to German credit:

> Why should a foreign banker or capitalist have confidence in a country which is burdened with a reparations obligation of two billion marks annually, and has not for twelve years been able to pay a single *pfennig* of this out of its own economic earnings? So long as the reparations obligation persists, and so long as the world is not convinced that ways and means have been assured by which Germany can pay off these reparations out of her own normal economic activity, Germany will have no more credit.

He suggests an international capitalistic program for developing the backward regions of the earth, in which Germany shall be enabled to play a part large enough to finance the Young Plan payments. The other alternative the restoration of the German colonial empire, and the return of Silesia and the Polish Corridor to the Reich, in order to supply the Germans with a broader economic base for reparations, he does not seriously examine. As becomes a good politician, he does not dismiss it, but it is obvious that such a solution is not likely to prove acceptable to the European powers nor to the British Empire.

A third course, therefore, remains: To end reparations. If the world will not enable Germany to pay, either by financial or political facilities, the "end of reparations" emerges as practical politics. An interesting thesis and one which falls upon the world with all the devastating momentum of a bucket of whitewash dropped from the Empire State Building.

There is not space for an analysis of Dr. Schacht's polemic with the German government, which he claims sabotaged the Young Plan and torpedoed the German experts, nor for his interesting analysis of the Young Plan negotiations and of German economics and currency during the entire reparations period. For it should be emphasized that this is a political manifesto as well as an economic argument. Its effect should be, not only to influence world thought on the reparations problem, but to add to its author's "availability" in German domestic politics. This is unfortunate, for the attribution of political ambition to Dr. Schacht has before this shaken foreign confidence in the objectivity of some of his closely reasoned economic arguments. In this instance, however, it should not be permitted to prevent a dispassionate study of his major thesis: If Germany is to pay, the world must make her payments financially and politically possible.

JOHN CARTER.

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Father, by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. The daughter of a novelist escapes for adventures of her own. Gay and charming. Reviewed June 10.

The Sixth Journey, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Grown-up love and a waif who finds a home at last in a charming romance with an English setting. Reviewed July 1.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Pulitzer prize novel. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

Ships of Youth, by Maud Diver: Houghton Mifflin. A story of Anglo-Indian life in which characters whom Miss Diver has previously introduced attempt to "live happily ever after." Reviewed June 24.

Non-Fiction

Death and Taxes, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Reviewed June 24.

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O. Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War. Reviewed in this issue.

More Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A weaker sequel to **Boners,** with more of the same.

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Red Bread, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. Another excellent book on contemporary Russia by the author of **Humanity Uprooted.** Reviewed May 13.

What They Believe

"LIVING PHILOSOPHIES": a symposium (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). There are people, and many of them, who are able to accept a creed or

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philosophy of life which some one else has formulated, to take their beliefs, word for word, from the lips or pens of other men. But there are others who can believe only what they have figured out for themselves, from experience, study, observation and reflection. They are usually stimulated to fresh reflection by the intelligent opinions of others, and they will find much to interest and stimulate them in *Living Philosophies*. The first group, the acceptors of formal creeds, will not find the book so interesting, for of the men and women who discuss their beliefs in the pages of *Living Philosophies* only two seem to offer a fixed creed to possible disciples. The symposium is described by its publishers as "a series of intimate credos on first and last things by twenty-two of the world's greatest thinkers." The twenty-two are: Einstein, Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Robert Millikan, H. G. Wells, Fridtjof Nansen, Sir James Jeans, Irving Babbitt, Sir Arthur Keith, J. B. S. Haldane, Irwin Edman, Beatrice Webb, Hu Shih, the Chinese philosopher, Dreiser and Julia Peterkin, novelists, James T. Adams, the historian, Hilaire Belloc and Dean Inge, and the critics, Lewis Mumford, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan and Joseph Wood Krutch. Judging from their contributions to the symposium, not all these contributors can qualify as great thinkers. A number of them are more prolix than profound; and the murky and undisciplined literary style of some others gives pause to one's faith in the clarity and order of their thoughts. I found their fundamental sameness the most striking thing about the credos. With the exception of Belloc, who expresses what I take to be the enlightened Roman Catholic viewpoint, and Dean Inge, who may be taken to represent liberal Protestant thought, the beliefs of all these men and women seem to boil down to a few fundamentals. After telling us at length what he does not believe (that being always definite and easy to do), and giving a good many more or less extraneous opinions on social, economic and educational problems, each man seems to express a faith that life is built upon a plan, an order of which we can understand little or nothing, that men die but Man lives, that men are under obligation to make the best of themselves and their world for the sake of Man, and that those men are best and happiest who live in love and charity with their neighbors—not a very complicated creed, surely. I think that all these men and women contributors agree that the unforgivable sin is ignorance, with the intolerance and cruelty which it implies, that the redeeming graces are love and truth. You will find every article interesting, although not all are of equal value. On the whole, the scientists come off better than the critics and creative writers. H. G. Wells, who says that his credo is "stoicism seen in the light of modern biological science" is exceptionally clear. Irving Babbitt, discussing the fallacies of Rousseauism, explains the Humanist creed. Sir Arthur Keith and Irwin Edman discuss the effect of our new knowledge of the universe upon our beliefs in a way which will find responses from the many people who have been unable to find any sustaining substitute for their lost not-a-sparrow-falleth faith. The symposium, however, is made more than merely stimulating and provocative of thought by the truly remarkable contribution to it made by Albert Einstein. In this short, meaty and unaffected document, the great scientist shows himself to be a great *man*. It is not striking because of the originality of Professor Einstein's beliefs. They are not original. I venture to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred really thoughtful men in the world share them, today. Einstein's contribution is striking because of its sublime honesty and clarity. "From the standpoint of daily life," he writes, "there is one thing we know: That man is here for the sake of other men . . . . I do not believe we have any freedom in the philosophic sense, for we act not only under external compulsion but also by inner necessity . . . . To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge, this feeling, is at the center of true religiousness. In this sense . . . . I belong to the ranks of devoutly religious men . . . . It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect upon the marvellous structure of the universe which we can dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature."

Living Philosophies is the July choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 344 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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The Week's Reading

"Since Calvary," by Lewis Browne (Macmillan, $3.50). Lewis Browne, well known as the author of *This Believing World,* gave himself a stiff assignment when he undertook this new volume. *Since Calvary* is nothing less than a history of the Christian religion from the death of Jesus right up to the clash of Mussolini and the Vatican. Considering the well-nigh endless material available, he has done amazingly well in selecting the important facts. He has thrown in enough others that are merely interesting to hold the attention of the average reader. Admittedly this book is but one way of looking at Christian history.

It is, as the sub-title clearly states, an interpretation. It is not an interpretation that will be acceptable to the Roman Catholic, for he goes into much detail concerning the lives of some of the Popes and other high ecclesiastics. Nor is it an interpretation that will be acceptable to most Protestants, for it assumes from beginning to end that there is no supernatural element in Christianity. But it is an interpretation which will be quite acceptable to the rationalist, who sees in the extraordinary rise of the Christian faith simply a fortunate combination of circumstances which permitted this faith in Jesus to rise and spread. Such is the viewpoint of the book, but the author seems at times to feel that this theory is not quite enough to account for the facts, for he says: "How from such beginnings a movement could grow till it dominated half the world is perhaps inexplicable on rational grounds. No matter how painstakingly one may search the sources, and how ingeniously one may interpret the findings, in the end one must confess that the circumstances surrounding the triumph of Christianity were so complex and involved and subtly concatenated as to defy complete analysis."

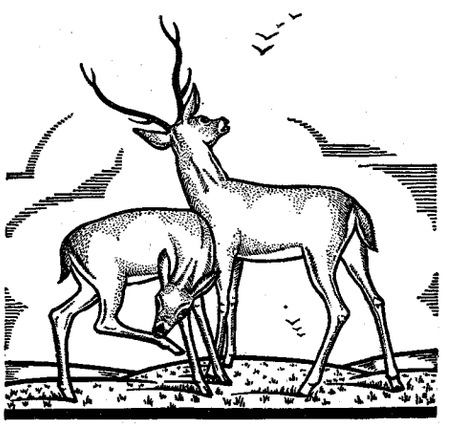
But within the limits and confines of this basic assumption Browne tells about all that can be told. He tells it exceedingly well. He has a positive genius for expressive phrases and brilliant summations. Speaking, for instance, of the contribution of the apostle Paul to the rising faith, he says: "The seed of paganism entered into the womb of Israel, giving rise to a new faith; and Paul's contribution was that of severing the umbilical cord. Had he not been present at that hour the child might possibly have perished . . . . But Paul was there and as a consequence Christianity lived." Browne does not do justice to the place of the resurrection in the faith of those first Christian disciples. It was this belief that Jesus was still alive and would come again which roused them from their despair and gave them the courage to battle against the might of Rome and the jeers of the people. Without this belief in the resurrection the memory of Jesus would not have survived the century of his death. Moreover, there is a bit more to be said for it as an objective fact than the author would suggest. And the same may be said for his treatment of Pentecost.

But Browne is entirely right in emphasizing the appeal which Christianity made to the poor and the downtrodden, to the slaves and the oppressed. He is right, too, in suggesting in his final chapter that Protestantism cannot be a great force in this day unless it is willing to be true to the good news proclaimed by Jesus when he said that he brought that news to the poor. This means in this generation that the Church, both Catholic and Protestant—yes, and the Jewish synagogue—must condemn the iniquity inherent in our entire acquisitive economic system if organized religion is to survive. *Since Calvary* is a highly creditable piece of writing. It is in effect an outline of the history of Christianity. The scholarship displayed is of a high order. It is not the whole truth about the subject, but it is an excellent presentation of one viewpoint, a viewpoint which this reviewer does not share but which he quite admits is becoming increasingly common. Incidentally the book itself is a first-rate sample of the bookmaker's art. The printing is easy to read and the illustrations drawn by the author and his wife are of a high order.

Edmund B. Chaffee.

"Literary Criticism in America," by George E. DeMille (Dial Press, $3.50). The audience for a history of American literary criticism is naturally limited, but more general readers would enjoy this book than are likely to get hold of it. The author begins with an account of the *North American Review,* the first literary journal published in America, modeled as closely as possible after the Edinburgh *Review,* and devoted to the worthy cause of a national literature. The quotations from the reviews printed in its pages—a hundred years ago—are highly entertaining. Further chapters are given to Lowell, Poe, Emerson and Margaret Fuller, Stedman, Henry James, Howells, Huneker and Sherman. Each chapter is followed by a useful bibliography. This reviewer was especially interested in what Mr. DeMille has to say, in his chapter on Huneker, about the effect upon the critic of a Catholic as opposed to a Protestant religious heritage. The whole chapter on Huneker, a critic who has always seemed to this reviewer almost too witty to be profound, is illuminating. Any one seriously interested in American literature will find this book well worth reading.

Frances Lamont Robbins.



From "The Merry Ballads of Robin Hood" by Laurabelle Dietrick (Macmillan)

"Castle Island," by R. H. Mottram (Harper and Brothers, $2.50). Mr. Mottram belongs, spiritually at least, to those people for whom the vanished day is the rosiest. In *Castle Island* he tells the story of a boy who grew up in an English town in the waning years of Victorian prosperity. Stephen Dormer, son of the manager of the town's bank, was about thirteen when he went up in a balloon with his father to celebrate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

Until then, life had consisted of listening to Father read the newspapers, obeying Mother's serene injunctions, judiciously avoiding too much study at school, eating as often as possible, and prowling across the family's roof to survey his beloved landmarks. Stephen, until the Queen's Jubilee, was wedded to security. Then, surprisingly, hatefully, everything changed. Victoria died; Father was permanently injured in a fire; money and servants disappeared. Taken from his school orbit, he was sped to Europe for a year's befuddled learning, then thrust into clerkship at the bank which was no longer his father's, but, ignominiously, part of a chain.

The rest of Stephen's life, somehow become resentfully unimportant even to the author, is spent in a confused effort to adapt to a new England. The book, juicy and harmonious at its start, changes tenor mid-way. It loses the vitality accumulated in its earlier stages and grows, almost with the turning of the century, plaintive, querulous, and, as it were, disappointed.

Virgilia Peterson Ross.

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Behind the Blurbs

THE Book League's July choice is L. A. G. Strong's *The Garden.* The Scientific Book Club chooses Kirkpatrick and Huettner's *Fundamentals of Health.* ♣ ♣ ♣ The Limited Editions Club has announced the names of the twelve books to be issued to its members during its third year. They are: *Alice in Wonderland,* with the Tenniel illustrations; Franklin's *Autobiography; South Wind,* ill. by Carlotta Petrina; a new translation of Faust, ill. by René Clarke; Balzac's *Droll Stories,* in a new translation; *The Last of the Mohicans,* ill. by Edward Wilson; *Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities,* ill. by Gordon Ross; *The Cloister and the Hearth,* ill. by Lynd Ward; *The Chimes,* ill. by Rackham; *Tom Jones,* ill. by Alexander King; Hearn's *Kwaidan,* ill. by Foujita; and *The Analects of Confucius.* ♣ ♣ ♣ Some of the best ghost stories ever written were included in *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary,* by M. R. James, and the three vols. that succeeded it. These have now been collected in one volume[1]. No one has ever understood better how to make a ghost story convincing by the piling up of detail—detail which is interesting in itself. We don't see how you can get along without this one. ♣ ♣ ♣ The newsbreaks which the *New Yorker* uses as fillers are probably familiar to you. Several hundred of these have now been brought together in *Ho Hum*[2], which, taken in small doses, is one of the funniest books of the year. The comments by the editors which accompany these typographical and cerebral errors are very entertaining. ♣ ♣ ♣ Wild, woolly and incredible are the exploits of Slim Jim Geraldi, noble gambler and gunman, who, saved by the lovely Louise from a pursuing mob, in turn saves Louise from the machinations of her wicked Cousin Edgar. *The Killers*[3] is exciting and will kill an hour's wait at the junction for you quite painlessly. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Imperial Treasure*[4] concerns itself with $50,000,000 in gold, on which Feng, the Mongol, hoped to found a Pan-Asiatic Empire. The Russians, represented by Sabin, Anzarakhi, Badoglio and Krylenko, are after the money, but so are the British, whose champions are two Poles and a lovely American spyess. Of course, both Feng and the Reds crash down in a common ruin, but before this happens there are plenty of plots and escapes and perilous adventures to keep you sitting on the edge of the chair as you turn the pages.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Collected Ghost Stories: Longmans, $3.00.
2. Farrar & Rinehart, $1.00.
3. By George Owen Baxter: Macaulay, $2.00.
4. By Val Gielgud: Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.

Music

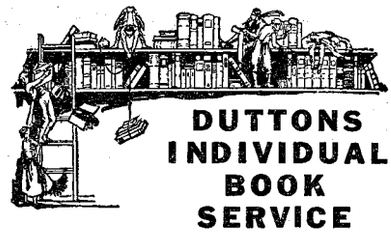
Notable New Recordings

PROBABLY a language course does not come strictly under the head of music, but so amazing to me are the courses which are published by the Linguaphone Institute, 24-27 High Holborn, London, that I feel justified in going into a description of them.

I am quite aware that the gramophone has been used for a long time as an aid in learning languages, but it has never been my luck before to come across anything so admirably arranged. To begin with, the complete conversational Linguaphone course in whatever language you choose to learn is packed in a compact case, with a convenient strap for carrying it, whose overall dimensions are eleven by eleven by three inches. As good portable phonographs are not much bigger than that, it is, therefore, easy to take the whole business with you while traveling. Within the case are fifteen double-sided ten-inch records which allow for thirty lessons. In each lesson an eminent native teacher of the language you are studying talks about a different aspect of life in that country, for example, the family, a visit, in the railway station, the theatre, etc. Along with each lesson on the record, in a small book which is in the case, is a picture of the scene of the talk. Opposite the picture is found the printed text, and each word which refers to an object in the picture is numbered and the corresponding number is found on the object in the picture. Thus you listen to the scene being described and learn, at your leisure, to connect the properly spoken sounds visually with the objects to which they refer. This is the most natural way possible as it is exactly what happens to every one when he learns his own language as a child.

Naturally, provision is made for written exercises and the study of the grammar in much the same way that such things are done in ordinary schools. However, the most obvious advantages to the Linguaphone method are that you can take your time about it and learn as quickly or as slowly as you need without having anybody's patience to test but your own, and that you need never hear a word improperly pronounced and you can play the records over and over as often as you like until you understand them perfectly and can pronounce the words properly yourself. There is, unfortunately, not yet a branch of the Linguaphone Institute in America, but the courses can be bought from various large phonograph record dealers.

O. C-T.



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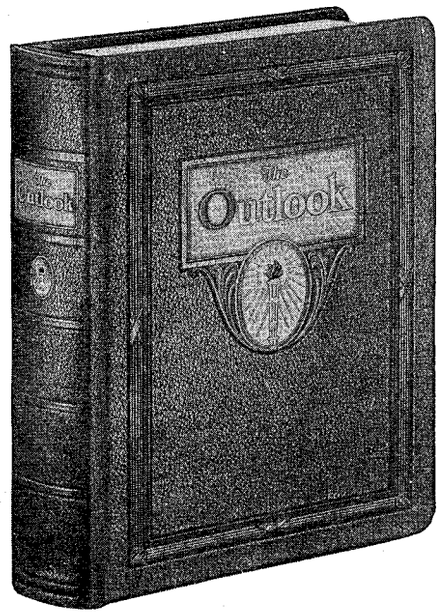

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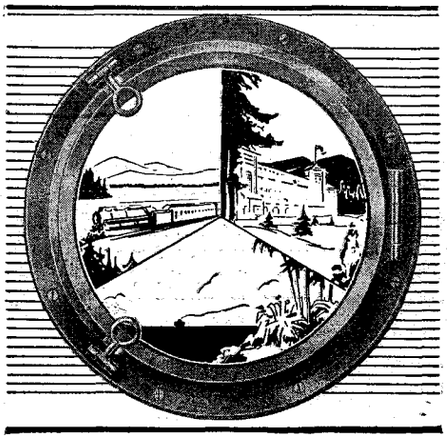

Summer Cruises

Short cruises on the great liners of transatlantic services continue to be the novelty of the season and are so popular that there is now a large variety of them. ¶ Running time is from four to six days, prices are slightly over $10 a day, the cuisine is delicious, the ships are luxurious. ¶ Deck sports of all kinds, swimming and dancing are pleasant diversions . . . lazy sun-basking goes on all over the decks. ¶ Some cruises run Night Clubs for which special troupes of entertainers are provided. ¶ The destinations are various . . . Bermuda or Halifax are usual, some cruises include both. ¶ Yarmouth is yet another Nova Scotian port of call. ¶ For details on cruises or any summer holidays at home or abroad, address Mrs. Kirkland, *Director*.

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From the Life

Mistaken

ALL DAY LONG he sat at a sewing machine, in the tailor shop of the prison.

His thoughts could go anywhere. Nobody had a word to say to that. He could remember times when he was a boy—but that made him restless. Or he could try to figure out what they would be doing at home; if his pa had got round to the planting yet, or if his ma was sick, or how the corn would make out with all this rain. His ideas could go along that way, easy like, following the heavy seams almost as he had used to follow the furrows; until all at once it would be no good, he'd have to turn his mind somewhere else or go crazy worrying. The girls, maybe—but where was the use in that? To remember parties and rides only made him feel funny, like smashing something. He should of read more when he'd got the chance. That was what the teacher had always used to tell him. She was right. That would of give him plenty to think about and entertain himself with. Only he never could somehow coax his mind to any reading. Well, and now see what he got for it. Years of prison in front of him and nothing to make up for it. Nothing, only a blank. That's what his mind was mostly, and only himself to thank for it. Well, he guessed, we all made mistakes one way or another without seeing where it might be leading to. He could remember the teacher all right. She was serious and sort of skinny and she wore glasses, and she used to tell him he'd regret it.

And here he was now. If he'd had different habits, been studious, and fond of reading, he wouldn't of been riding around by himself maybe, with no one to say where he was that night, or if he'd been seen. What were you riding around for, they had asked him, and maybe he'd of known what to say if he'd ever learned to talk right. What did he want to go riding around for? Hell! He didn't know, except for the feel of it. Maybe when the garage fellow said it was him, he'd known how to argue himself out of it, if he'd had more learning. He reckoned the fellow thought he was right; it's easy to make a mistake when a gun's in your stomach.

The seams ran out one after another good and straight, even though he wasn't brought up to it. But they always finished up with the same puzzle. How could he have kept himself out of prison? Somewhere, he'd made a bad mistake.

He noticed it, one day—how the seams always finished up with the same idea. Fourteen months, and what else could he think about? He tried thinking about the seams—about the machine—about the other prisoners. But what was there to think? There they were, and here he was, in prison. How did they ever get there? He tried not to think.

Then one day, in the middle of a seam, the warden sent for him. It was winter time and cold. The farm would be quiet now. Could anything have happened on the farm? He went anxiously to the warden's office and once in front of the warden shifted himself uneasily from foot to foot.

The warden was reading something, over and over. He lifted his eyes finally and looked strangely at the prisoner.

"A bad mistake has been made," said the warden slowly. "A very bad mistake." "That so?" said the prisoner doubtfully.

"It looks," said the warden still more slowly, "as if you'd served fourteen months for a crime you never committed."

But at that the prisoner only looked doubtfully at the warden and answered nothing.

"It seems you never had anything to do with holding up that garage," the warden went on. "It looks like the witnesses made a mistake, and the jury and the court—they made a mistake too."

Still the prisoner said nothing, but waited patiently.

"It seems that this man and woman over in the next state here, they've confessed to it. Among other things. So that sets you clear and blameless," concluded the warden, "and you're free to go."

But now the prisoner struggled to speak and was unable. The distant air of the farm was choking him, the rush of days bursting upon him with free suns, free roads, was overcoming him. There was nothing he was afraid to think about!

"Who—who was it done the hold-up?" he managed to ask at last.

"A couple of murderers," said the warden grimly.

The prisoner stood quite still for a minute. These people who had set him free—and suddenly he was in prison again, falling back in agony on the only thought that he had ever been able to think out for himself.

"That's tough," he said hoarsely. "Tough. We all—all make mistakes."

IBBY HALL.

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Prose and Worse

WHEN you are planning a trip abroad, why is it so difficult to get facts about the countries you want to visit? Advice you can get plenty of, but facts are seldom included. And lacking the facts, one takes the advice—and regrets it later.

You can't get away from the advice, of course. Once you announce your intention of doing a little foreign travel, you become the target for lots of it. We say "target" advisedly. It comes in large chunks, from all directions, and some of it hits hard. Your friends begin throwing it on sight; it comes over the telephone, in letters; people you have hardly heard of, distant relatives and friends of relatives in remote villages spend their hard-earned money on stamps and letter paper to tell you what you must see, do, take or leave at home.

So it was last year when we were planning to go to Germany. "Be sure and get a good umbrella; it rains there practically all the time." "Do you speak German? If you don't, you'll have an awful time! Even in the hotels nobody speaks English. We simply couldn't get anything we wanted. Harry speaks very good German, too, but nobody could understand him—at least they pretended they couldn't. He said he thought they spoke some kind of dialect, because he couldn't understand them either. Germany's full of dialects." "You'll have trouble getting fresh vegetables in the hotels. The Germans never eat them. And as for fruit, my dear, they don't even know the name of it. And I'd be pretty careful of the meat." And so on.

At first we were so pleased that we were going that we told everybody our itinerary. That was a mistake. "You're not going to Berlin? Oh, my dear boy, you can't afford to miss Berlin. Now, look here—take a day off Nuremberg and leave out Hildesheim—there's nothing there; it's just an old town—and allowing for time spent in traveling you'll have ample time for a look at Berlin. Let's see—" And out come paper and pencil and maps, and by the time the evening is over you've a brand new itinerary mapped out—the only drawback to which is that it omits everything you want to see.

Of course, some of the advice is good. By the law of averages it would have to be. All advice of whatever kind is about fifteen per cent good, but unfortunately that fifteen per cent is just the part you have no intention of taking anyway. It's safer to disregard it all. Even the travel books don't help a great deal. Some of the information is wrong, some is influenced by whatever the writer had for lunch. A glass of beer administered at the right time can make the dullest German town seem like the anteroom to Elysium. And, of course, vice versa. So don't believe anything you read in the travel books.

This, of course you will say, is all advice, too. True in a sense; it mustn't be taken too seriously, even though it's really advice against taking advice. Just as the war to end all war, which you may remember, was after all only another war. But we are becoming metaphysical or something, and our purpose is merely to show that most of the advice we got about travel in Germany was wrong—just as it had been wrong about other countries in the past.

Take the matter of rain. Of course, we could have looked up the average rainfall in the encyclopedia, but we took the word of several seasoned travelers and our first purchases preparatory to going away were a pair of storm rubbers and a stout umbrella. The umbrella, it is true, was very useful, for we carried it with us whenever we left a hotel for even the shortest of strolls. We hailed taxis with it, used it as a walking stick on long walks in the broiling sun, as a pointer to indicate things we wished to buy in shop windows. In a month we used it just twice to keep off the rain. The rubbers were never used at all.

It was the same with the fruit, which we were told by one who had lived many years in Germany was practically nonexistent. So on landing in Bremen we made at once for the market place to lay in a good supply of whatever withered and miserable specimens we might find. And lo! fruit all about—apples and cherries and oranges and bananas, strawberries as big as small plums, that needed no sugar—and a little later, peaches and apricots, and enormous gooseberries, so sweet that you could eat them raw. Nor was it different in the hotels; everywhere fruit was procurable, and only one morning went by without the glass of orange juice.

As for vegetables, they always appeared on the menu, and in Hildesheim we ran into the asparagus belt—asparagus was written all over the Speisekarte, so that it was difficult to avoid it. Not that we wanted to.

Indeed, German food is much maligned by travelers, and it is difficult to see why. It is true German cooks do not excel in the daintier forms of culinary expression. They seldom toss off an omelet so light that it will float in the bathtub. Their salads do not intrigue the palate. But listen to the average travel-advice monger, and you will get the impression that all German meals are heavy, soggy, greasy and indigestible—and that is not so.

The first meal we took in Germany was in the Ratskeller in Bremen. I ordered a mutton chop and French fried potatoes, and a small bottle of Berncasteler Doktor. We waited a long time, but we didn't mind, for it gave us an opportunity to sip our wine and encourage our appetite. When the food finally came, the chop was sizzling from the grill, the potatoes crisp and freshly fried. We fell upon the meal with cries of joyous surprise—we had not been prepared for this. Then we ordered Gervais cheese. Again we waited a long time. But when it came it had been mixed with chopped chives and was spread on thin slices of freshly toasted bread. The preparation of a simple meal of this kind is, it seems to us, a pretty good test of a restaurant. Nothing was warmed up, prepared in advance. True, you have to wait a long time in German restaurants for your order to come, and sometimes when you have finished it is practically impossible to get hold of your waiter and get your check. If you are in a hurry, this is irritating. But to one accustomed to the assiduous service given in many American eating places by waiters who snatch your half-consumed meal from under your nose in an effort to get you out and another customer in, it is a very pleasant change indeed. Now this experience was

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repeated over and over again throughout five weeks of travel in Germany. And we by no means picked the largest and most expensive restaurants. We ate when we were hungry, and usually at the nearest place. It might be a beer garden or a country inn or a likely looking Weinstube. The soups, meats, sauces and desserts were always good, the vegetables always fresh cooked though sometimes a little tasteless, the desserts interesting. If there is a lack of greenery in the average German's diet, the traveling American need not suffer from it, for there are salads on the bill-of-fare if he cares to look for them. Of course, our experience may have been exceptional. Even in his own cherished home an American will expect to get a poor meal once in a while. But we can tell you at least one good restaurant in every town, no matter how small. And no American traveling man could say as much.

We have heard it objected that the portions served are too large. But this seems to us like looking for trouble, to complain that you get too much for your money. And not a great deal of money, either. Which brings us to the subject of prices. All the travel books stated that Germany was an expensive country to travel in. In comparison with other European countries this is doubtless so. But in comparison with America, it is not so. Of course, if you're satisfied with nothing but the lordliest chamber in the best hotel in town, you're going to have to pay for it. If you want a private bath, it will add about the same percentage to the cost of the room as it would in America, or a little more. But in any of the large German cities we visited you can get a comfortable room with running hot and cold water in a good hotel for less than two dollars, even including the ten to twenty per cent which is added for service, and in the smaller towns, of course, you pay less. But even in the smaller towns you'll have a couch, a bedside reading lamp, and various other gadgets to minister to your comfort which the small town American hotelkeeper wots nothing of. Of course, the wallpaper will be awful. And the beds—

But the beds are another story. What we wish to show is merely that practically all the advice we got was either incorrect or irrelevant.

Smile pleasantly when they tell you that Algiers is hot, and pack a fur-lined overcoat. Show polite interest when they tell you how they cured seasickness by winding a bandage tightly about what Graham McNamee delicately refers to as the mid-section, and wear the loosest clothes possible. Take our advice and don't take advice from anybody.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

The Power Issue in Politics

(Continued from Page 333)

transmitting and distributing of this electricity where the costs are lost and the profits made and as long as the private companies retain control of the latter two factors the operation of electric utilities will remain safe for the capitalist.

It was, of course, Smith's contention that if the state could own and operate the power at its source, then it could make contracts with the distributing companies and the control of rates would be by contract instead of by long court litigation. In other words, that is what he meant when he spoke of the state having its hand on the switch. In theory he was probably right but it will be shown later how this has worked out practically and how it affects the relationship of Wall Street with one of Democracy's outstanding candidates. It is interesting to note at this time the difference between Governor Smith's power policy and Assemblyman Smith's power policy. As leader of the Democratic Party in the Assembly he was always an ardent champion of state transmission as well as state manufacture of electric power.

The New York legislature was not as elastically minded as were the financiers in Wall Street. Since it had opposed any sort of project which smacked of state ownership and operation, it was not prepared to turn a complete somersault and give Smith his own way. So it proceeded to ignore completely the bills introduced by the Democrats in behalf of their Governor's policy and the latter went out of office with the issue still unsettled. But he took it with him into the arena of national politics, thereby gaining the silent support of insurgent Republicans and the active aid of that stormy petrel, Senator Norris of Nebraska.

Franklin Roosevelt then became Governor and he found this power issue all hand made and well dramatized by his capable predecessor. He immediately took it to his bosom and determined to press it to a successful conclusion. He studied his subject with the zeal of a student and he familiarized himself with the utility problems to a far greater extent than Smith had ever done. He went after the utility companies hammer and tongs. He not only developed the water power problem to a high degree but he set to work to reform the Public Service Commission with such success that in one year he had practically forced its chairman to resign and that same year the legislature reluctantly created a commission to investigate the breakdown of public utility regulation. Wall Street again became nervous and has remained so ever since.

But still the legislature had not yet arrived at that point where it could accept this state ownership and operation plan even though it was a project of an ex-Governor and, therefore, could hardly be credited to one so very recently in the gubernatorial chair. Therefore, it again turned down the Smith plan, thus giving Roosevelt the opportunity to work on a plan of his own and to plant it firmly in the minds of the voters as his own. This he proceeded to do with such success that in the following year the legislature capitulated and created a commission, appointed by the Governor, to study the best methods by which the state might build and operate a dam for the manufacture of electricity on the St. Lawrence River. To be sure, it stuck in a rider which stated that, if the commission found it impracticable for the state to develop this power, it was to bring in some other plan. It was quite obvious, however, that since Roosevelt had the appointment of the whole commission, he would see to it that only those men who felt in sympathy with state ownership and operation would be on it. But no one could begrudge the legislature its little gesture to a lost cause.

MEANTIME, a great many things had occurred in the utility field in New York. The United Corporation had been organized under the beneficent control of the house of Morgan and from this organization sprang the Niagara Hudson Company, which took over all the utility

Remarkable Indeed

Excellent as has been the response to the Remarkable Remarks contest, we expect that the coming months will witness an even greater volume of contributions to this weekly prize contest. Whether the advent of vacation season has given OUTLOOK readers more leisure in which to spot Remarkable Remarks or whether the hot weather has increased the available supply, we are not certain. As a diverting summer pastime, however, we recommend the contest. Remember! Homer still nods—$5 if you catch him.

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companies in the upper and eastern part of the state. In other words, that whole section of the state which was to draw from the St. Lawrence power sources fell into the hands of one organization, and it became evident immediately that if the state were to build the dam and sell the power under the contract system it would have to deal only with one company and there would be no opportunity for competitive bidding. This is most important because it is probably one of the main causes for Wall Street's suspicion of Roosevelt and the explanation of Roosevelt's definite break with the original Smith plan.

After months of careful study the commission sent in its report which contained three items of great political significance. First, it confirmed the statement that the Niagara Hudson had a stranglehold on all the transmitting and distributing systems which would be fed by St. Lawrence power and that the state would have to carry on all its contract negotiations with that company alone. Second, it intimated that if the state could not make satisfactory contracts with this company, it probably would be inadvisable to build the dam. Third, it pointed out that under any circumstances the federal government would have to be consulted and in all probability would have to give its permission before any construction could actually begin.

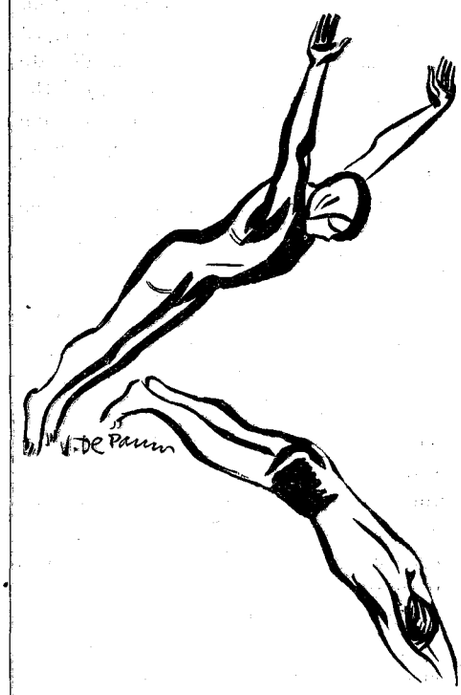
Roosevelt was in a political hole for the moment. His own Commission had "let him down" by intimation. He had promised the people that the St. Lawrence River project would be completed and that it would result in lower rates to the consumers. He could not allow himself to be put in the position where one utility company could balk all his plans and yet the only alternative was state ownership and operation of transmitting and distributing plants. One week after the report had been made public he came out with the definite statement that if satisfactory contracts could not be made with the Niagara Hudson, then the state either would build its own lines or contract with some private company to do so even if these lines paralleled the Niagara Hudson's. Roosevelt had broken completely with Wall Street and his presidential aspirations became a threat to the utility monopolies. He had branded himself a socialist.

But the third item of political interest in the report involves not Mr. Roosevelt and Wall Street, but Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover. The latter, being head of the federal government, must assume the responsibility of granting or denying federal permission to begin construction work. This puts Mr. Hoover in a hole. If he denies this permission he will be placed in the position of having done so merely to thwart Roosevelt's 1932 ambitions, for at the present time it is no secret that Mr. Roosevelt is Mr. Hoover's outstanding opponent. If he grants the permission he will receive little credit and Roosevelt will be one step nearer the goal which he had promised the people: development by the state of a gigantic power project.

Therefore, when the chairman of the next national Democratic convention calls the delegates to order, the representatives of the utilities will be watching with interest the fate of the four men who from time to time have given them cause for worry. Young they would like to have; Smith they are not frightened of; Ritchie they believe they can handle; but Roosevelt is their Banquo's ghost.

But Roosevelt is not a socialist, nor does he believe that state ownership and operation of electric utilities is necessarily the best thing for the country. He is entirely sincere in his belief, however, that the present method of public utility regulation is neither adequate nor satisfactory; that most of the state public service commissions now are either at the mercy of antiquated legal machinery or controlled by utility companies themselves. Consequently he is of the belief that unless something can be done to make regulation truly effective, the government must take over the electrical power in this country or find some means by which to check the present almost unlimited powers that these great monopolies are now enjoying. The very existence of millions of people depends upon electricity today and, this being the case, it is Roosevelt's belief that Big Business must not be the sole arbiter of the development of this all-important factor in life.

Big Business thinks it can handle this development better than the government and generally adds that any interference on the part of the government is only hindering it in its work. The difference in opinion is fundamental, and for this reason the course of national politics for the next year and a half, as the stage is being set by the men behind the scenes, will be interesting. Prohibition, unemployment and depression may be the window dressing but let no one make the mistake of thinking that water power and public utility control is not going to play its part, not only before the curtain goes up, but after the show has begun.



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Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

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